

THE MANTLE OF LINCOLN

A PLAY FOR THE PEOPLE

BY
TEST DALTON

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Golden Days

A comedy of youth, in four acts, by Sidney Toler and Marion Short. 7 males, 10 females. Three interior scenes. Costumes modern. Plays 2½ hours.

"Golden Days" is a play with all the charm of youth. It enjoyed a run of sixteen weeks in Chicago with Patricia Collinge in the leading role, and was then brought to the Gaiety Theatre, New York, with Helen Hayes in the part of "Mary Anne." Price, 75 cents

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A charming comedy in 3 acts, adapted by A. E. Thomas from the story of the same name by Alice Duer Miller. 6 males, 3 females. Three interior scenes. Costumes, modern. Plays 2½ hours.

"Come Out of the Kitchen," with Ruth Chatterton in the leading role, made a notable success on its production by Henry Miller at the Comedy Theatre, New York. It was also a great success at the Strand Theatre, London. A most ingenious and entertaining comedy, and we strongly recommend it for amateur production. Price, 75 cents

His Majesty Bunker Bean

A farcical comedy in four acts. By Lee Wilson. Dull from the novel by Harry Leon Wilson. 12 males, 6 females. Five interior scenes. Costumes, modern. Plays 2½ hours. Those who have doubted immoderately at Harry Leon Wilson's story will be greatly swayed by the play, which tells the story of a cowed and crafty young man who became king when he was tricked into believing himself a reconstruction of Napoleon. "His Majesty Bunker Bean," with Taylor Holmes in the title rôle, was brought to the Astor Theatre, New York, after a run of 25 weeks in Chicago. A delightful and wholesome farce comedy with no dull moments. Price, 75 cents

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A farcical comedy in three acts. By Fred Jackson. 7 males, 7 females. One interior scene. Modern costumes. Plays 2½ hours. This newest and funniest of all farces was written by Fred Jackson, the well-known short story writer, and is backed up by the prestige of an oppressive New York success and the promise of unlimited fun presented in the most attractive form. A cleverer farce has not been seen for many a long day. "A Full House" is a house full of laughs. Price, 75 cents

(The Above Are Subject to Royalty When Produced)

SAMUEL FRENCH, 25 West 45th Street, New York City
New and Explicit Descriptive Catalogue Mailed Free on Request

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*The Mantle of Lincoln
is dedicated to my friend*

OTTO H. KAHN,

*who has fostered and aided the American
drama for many years in a loyal
and generous manner.*

30 Apr 51 1150008

SYNOPSIS

It is not ONLY Kings, Generals, Explorers, and Millionaires who are the heroes of this world, nor is ROMANCE to be found ONLY in Egypt, Bagdad and Rome.

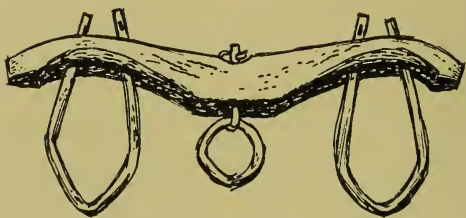
Step into some little town in your own country, where only a few trains pass through each day, and where the one movie house is only opened on Wednesdays and Saturdays. There you will find ROMANCE AND A HERO.

This hero is not garbed in purple and ermine, nor does he grace a throne. He wears common, ordinary clothes, works in a small bank, and sits on a high stool behind brass rails, where he plods through his daily routine, a cog in the machinery of life, denying himself comfort, burying his personal ambition, doing a thousand kingly deeds of kindness, passing triumphantly through temptation and showering love on those around him.

This is the character of the hero of "THE MANTLE OF LINCOLN," and he finally wins wealth, and the honor and respect of the entire community, and no HERO can gain more than this.



LINCOLN ROOM



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FIRST PRODUCTION

This play was first presented at the Municipal Theatres in Indianapolis during the summer of 1924, and ran for two weeks. It played at the Garfield Theatre the week of July 28, and at the Brookside Theatre the week of August 4. The entire play was presented with one setting by changing the appearance of the interiors and using a curtain for the Lincoln episodes. The program was as follows :

THE MUNICIPAL PLAYERS

Present

“ THE MANTLE OF LINCOLN ”

A Play for the People

By

TEST DALTON

Under the personal direction of

G. CARLTON GUY

J. Carl Martin, Stage Manager

CAST

JOHN STOWE.....	<i>Ray Jerome</i>
MRS. STOWE.....	<i>Miss Elsie McKane</i>
MABEL RICHARDS.....	<i>Miss Dorothy Fulkerson</i>
GRACE BENSON.....	<i>Miss Margaret Roberts</i>
BILLY HARMON.....	<i>Edward Bruck</i>
THADDEUS SIMMONS.....	<i>Ben Harris</i>
ALONZO GRIFFITHS.....	<i>J. Carl Martin</i>
ALBERT HADLEY.....	<i>J. Carl Martin</i>
OLIVE DELANE.....	<i>Miss Phæbe Kay</i>
GRANDFATHER JO.....	<i>William M. Lauck</i>
Jo, a coachman to Lincoln.....	<i>William M. Lauck</i>
ABRAHAM LINCOLN.....	<i>Max J. Young</i>
CORPORAL OF THE GUARD, 1865.....	<i>Edward Bruck</i>

PLACE : A small town, Indianapolis, and Washington, D. C.

TIME : To-day and 1865.

The *Indianapolis Times* review of July 29th in part was as follows:

LINCOLN THEME HANDLED NEW WAY

It is no easy job to put the character of Abraham Lincoln on the stage. Test Dalton has studied Lincoln for many years. He has thought much on the problem of how life could be benefited if the principles of Lincoln were used to-day. Dalton has written a new play along these lines under the title of "THE MANTLE OF LINCOLN," which was presented last night at the Municipal Theatre.

The central figure is an old man who was driver of Lincoln's coach when he was President and who drove the hearse which carried Lincoln's body to the train in Washington for Springfield.

Dalton begins his story with the old coach driver approaching his last days, years after Lincoln's death. The old driver always held Lincoln up to his townspeople as a model of conduct. When the old man tells a story regarding Lincoln, Dalton uses the modern flashback as a means of introducing the great man.

The play proper concerns the effect that the life of Lincoln has on a young man who constantly heard the old coach driver tell of Lincoln.

I think Dalton has a big idea in this play. There are laughs and some splendid serious moments. Dalton has drawn real characters. That is one of the tests of playwriting. You will find every day people trying to wear the mantle of Lincoln.

I noticed that "THE MANTLE OF LINCOLN," which was presented before an audience which overflowed, did hold the attention of those present last night.

—(*Reviewed by Walter D. Hickman.*)

CHARACTERS OF THE PEOPLE IN THE PLAY

ALBERT HADLEY, *Bookkeeper in the bank. Envious of fortune of others. Weak.*

JOHN STOWE.....*The hero. Bashful. Reserved.*

MRS. STOWE, *Mother to John. A real honest-to-goodness mother.*

MABEL RICHARDS, *Belle of the town. Shallow character.*

GRACE BENSON, *In love with John. Steady. Reliable.*

BILLY HARMON, *Cousin to John. Jolly sport. Popular.*

THADDEUS SIMMONS, *President of the Commercial Bank. Hard, but just.*

ALONZO GRIFFITHS, *Proprietor of the General Store. A skinflint. A petty cheat.*

JAMES GUTHRIE, *An oil-well promoter. Dignified. Pompous. A smooth proposition.*

OLIVE DELANE, *Has hat shop and millinery in general store. A "vamp" from the city who is looking for boobs to loot.*

GRANDFATHER JO, *Formerly a coachman to Lincoln. About 82. In Olio scenes plays part of young man about 20.*

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.....*Just plain and ordinary.*

STAGE SETTINGS FOR STAGE MANAGER

ACT I: *General store. (Interior.)* Stage Plan No. 1.

ACT II:

SCENE 1: *Home of JOHN STOWE. (Interior.)*
Stage Plan No. 2.

SCENE 2: *Home of JOHN STOWE. (Interior.)*
Stage Plan No. 2.

SCENE 3: *Study of LINCOLN in the White House. (Olio drop or curtain.)*

SCENE 4: *General store. (Interior.)* Stage Plan No. 1.

ACT III:

SCENE 1: *Commercial Bank. (Interior.)* Stage Plan No. 3.

SCENE 2: *Lafayette Park, Washington, D. C. (Olio drop.)*

SCENE 3: *Home of JOHN STOWE. (Interior.)*
Stage Plan No. 2.

ACT IV:

SCENE 1: *Home of JOHN STOWE. (Interior.)*
Stage Plan No. 2.

SCENE 2: *Room at St. James Hotel. (Olio drop.)*

SCENE 3: *Home of JOHN STOWE. (Interior.)*
Stage Plan No. 2.

CAST

JOHN STOWE
MRS. STOWE
MABEL RICHARDS
GRACE BENSON
BILLY HARMON
THADDEUS SIMMONS
ALONZO GRIFFITHS
ALBERT HADLEY
JAMES GUTHRIE
OLIVE DELANE
GRANDFATHER JO
ABRAHAM LINCOLN

SCENES

ACT I: *General store.*

ACT II:

SCENE 1: *Home of JOHN STOWE.*

SCENE 2: *Home of JOHN STOWE.*

SCENE 3: *Study of LINCOLN in the White House.*

SCENE 4: *General store.*

ACT III:

SCENE 1: *Commercial Bank.*

SCENE 2: *Lafayette Park, Washington, D. C.*

SCENE 3: *Home of JOHN STOWE.*

ACT IV:

SCENE 1: *Home of JOHN STOWE.*

SCENE 2: *Room at St. James Hotel.*

SCENE 3: *Home of JOHN STOWE.*

PLACES: Hope, Indiana, Indianapolis, Indiana, and
Washington, D. C.

TIME: To-day and 1865.



Photo by Craven—Indianapolis

Olive
De Lane

Mrs.
Stowe

Billy
Hannon

Grace
Benson

Grandfather
Jo

Mabel
Richards

Alonzo
Griffiths

Thaddeus
Simmons

THE MANTLE OF LINCOLN

Act I—The General Store

The Mantle of Lincoln

ACT I

General store in a small town.

At back an entrance door to store from the Square. Through the windows at back a part of the Square is visible.

On L. side is the millinery and dressmaking department of OLIVE DELANE. On one counter are hats, and on the other are waists. Between them is a form with a lady's suit on it. On the down stage counter is a conspicuous sign with the word "MODISTE." In front of the counter next to this is a rocking chair.

On the R. side of the stage is the grocery department and clothing store of ALONZO GRIFFITHS. One counter contains groceries and scales, and the other counter has a show case filled with ties, shirts and shoes. In front of this counter is sign with the word "HABERDASHERY." Other articles and objects that would be in a general store can be added, but care should be taken not to litter the stage with boxes and barrels that might act as an interference. (STAGE PLAN No. 1. Shelves behind ALONZO'S counter.)

(As the curtain rises it is about 4 o'clock on a summer afternoon and business is rather dull in the General Store. ALONZO GRIFFITHS, the proprietor of the store, is rearranging some goods on the counter at the R. side, and on the

L. side OLIVE DELANE is sitting in a rocking chair near her counter and sewing on a dress. She displays considerable of her hosiery to the discomfiture of ALONZO, who finds it difficult to concentrate on his work. Finally ALONZO turns and speaks to OLIVE.)

ALONZO. Olive, ever since you came to Hope I've been a different sort of crittur.

OLIVE. When I first laid eyes on you about six months ago, Alonzo, you was a awful mossback.

ALONZO. I was, but I'm a backslider now.

OLIVE. You're too much of a tight wad to slide very far, Alonzo.

ALONZO. I ain't reading the good Book as much as I used to.

OLIVE. Well, I ain't your minister. Don't tell your troubles to me. Hire a hall!

ALONZO. I'm worried about my salvation—that's what I'm worried about. I don't seem to be able to sing in the church any more in a free and easy manner.

OLIVE. It's a good job, too. Who ever said you could sing? Say, Alonzo, I seen a article in a Sunday paper about "What's the matter with the Church?" Well, since I been down here I found out the answer. They oughtn't to allow the congregation to sing. They ought to muzzle 'em.

ALONZO. I'm a wicked sinner, that's what I am—a wicked sinner.

OLIVE. You're a wicked old hypocrite, all right. I don't see how you got the nerve to even go into a church. Gee! You must be thick-skinned.

ALONZO. I guess I'll be punished for loving you.

OLIVE. Don't let that worry you. You ain't ever going to dislocate your arm or your pocket-book loving me, as far as I can see. You live too close to suit me.

ALONZO. What do you mean?

OLIVE. Oh, I mean you use kerosene lamps, wear ear muffs in winter and suspenders in summer, chew tobacco, cheat your customers and try to trim God by putting a nickel in the plate on Sunday.

ALONZO. Why, Olive!

OLIVE. You make me sick. Honest, I got more respect for a bank robber. What's eating you? Come and tell us all about it. What is it?

ALONZO. It's the way you sit in a chair, Olive.

OLIVE. Oh, my legs. (ALONZO *throws up his hands in horror.*) I see. Well, Alonzo, that's what sells stockings for me in this burg.

ALONZO. It's all right before me, but it isn't good for the rest of the people.

OLIVE. Well, you're a deacon in the church, Alonzo. If it's good enough for you it won't do the rest of the people any harm.

(*Enter BILLY HARMON from door back. OLIVE rises from her chair and goes behind her counter at L., where she puts away the goods on which she has been sewing. BILLY crosses to counter at R. near ALONZO and pulls out his grocery apron and puts it on.*)

ALONZO. It takes some people a long time to make a delivery.

BILLY. Meaning me!

ALONZO. Yes, I mean you.

BILLY. Next time you can take it along yourself.

ALONZO. Don't give me any of your lip—or—
or ——

BILLY. Or what?

ALONZO. Or I'll cut down your salary.

BILLY. (*Laughs*) Gee, but you're some comedian, Mr. Griffiths.

ALONZO. Ain't I paying you twelve dollars a week? Why, when I was your age I was only earning four.

OLIVE. Maybe you wasn't as smart as Billy.
(*OLIVE crosses to door at back.*)

BILLY. In the time of Adam they worked for nothing.

ALONZO. You're too flip.

BILLY. I know it. Well, what's stirring?

OLIVE. Nothing except the leaves on the maple trees. (*Exit OLIVE door back.*)

BILLY. She sure is some queen.

ALONZO. Never mind about her.

BILLY. Well, who's touching her?

(*Enter at door back GRANDFATHER JO and his grandson, JOHN STOWE. JO leans on a cane and JOHN supports his other arm. They cross to counter at R. toward BILLY.*)

JOHN. Good-afternoon, everybody. Grandfather wants some tobacco.

(*BILLY pulls out a chair for GRANDFATHER JO, who sits down slowly. JOHN crosses to ALONZO, who hands him a packet of tobacco. JOHN pays for it, and gives it to GRANDFATHER JO, who puts it in his pocket.*)

BILLY. We are sure glad to see you again, Grandfather Jo.

ALONZO. Jo, when you was with Abraham Lincoln, did you notice whether he smoked?

GRANDFATHER JO. He never chewed, smoked or drank that I know of. Guess he didn't have time.

ALONZO. Well, Jo, seeing as you was his coach-

man that last year and a half of his life, I guess you knew him pretty well.

JO. I really didn't know Lincoln. I don't think anyone did. You see, he never told me about the big things he was doing. I simply knew the little things that didn't count. I only knew him as a human being—the most human man I ever met. Lincoln's dignity wasn't in putting on airs. There was just something about him that made people respect him. He was very plain. Most public men were plain then. Old man Spinner, the head of the Treasury, was plain to the point of being frowsy.

(JOHN *pats his grandfather affectionately on the shoulder. The old man turns and smiles at him.*)

BILLY. Say now, what do you think of that?

JO. It's a fact. And Lincoln was careless about his dress. He wore ties that hooked at the back. They weren't much trouble to put on.

(ALONZO, BILLY and JOHN *laugh. Enter from door back* THADDEUS SIMMONS, *the president of the Commercial Bank.*)

THADDEUS. Well, if Grandfather Jo isn't out. How are you feeling to-day, Jo?

JO. Oh, I'm feeling toler'ble.

THADDEUS. Well, that's good. I'm coming around to the house to-night and hear some more about Abe Lincoln. I never get tired of your stories, Jo.

JO. And I never get tired of telling them.

(THADDEUS *crosses to counter of "Haberdashery" sign.*)

THADDEUS. Where did you get the new sign, Alonzo?

ALONZO. Oh, that was an idea of Miss DeLane's.

THADDEUS. She's just full of cute ideas, isn't she?

ALONZO. She is a very fine young woman.

THADDEUS. She is, Alonzo, she is. She also has a mighty clever head on her shoulders, and she is as practical as a cash register.

ALONZO. Don't you admire her, Mr. Simmons?

THADDEUS. I do at a distance—a long distance. I don't permit myself the luxury of admiring closely beautiful young women. I find it expensive, and as a banker I consider it a poor investment, because the cards are stacked against you.

ALONZO. I just take a fatherly interest in Miss DeLane.

THADDEUS. Be careful she don't take everything you've got.

ALONZO. I am a cautious man.

THADDEUS. So was Mark Anthony.

JO. (*Starts to spell the name on sign*) H-a-b-e-r. Haberdashery. What does it mean, Alonzo?

ALONZO. I dunno.

JO. I guess it means a new-fangled restaurant.

JOHN. It means neckties, collars, shoes and other things that gentlemen wear.

JO. I'm like Abe. I like simple words. What does the other sign mean? Modiste. (*Jo pronounces it "modest."*)

BILLY. Oh, Modest means Olive. She's modest.

JO. That sounds more sensible.

(*Enter from door back* MRS. STOWE. MRS. STOWE *crosses to* JOHN.)

JOHN. Well, if there isn't dear Mother.

JO. Hello, daughter!

THADDEUS. Good-afternoon, Mrs. Stowe. It's a wonderful thing to be a mother and a daughter at the same time.

MRS. STOWE. Oh, John, I'm so glad to see you. I was worried.

JOHN. Now, Mother, don't you worry.

THADDEUS. She wouldn't be a mother if she didn't.

(MRS. STOWE *crosses to counter at R.*)

MRS. STOWE. It's all right, Mr. Simmons, for you to laugh, but you've never been a mother.

THADDEUS. I admit it.

MRS. STOWE. Oh, Mr. Simmons!

THADDEUS. I know I ought to blush, but for some reason the fatal flush will not materialize. (*Looks at his watch.*) Great Scott, it's after four, and I've got a dozen letters to get out. Don't forget, Jo, I'm coming over to see you after supper.

MRS. STOWE. Won't you come to supper, Mr. Simmons?

THADDEUS. No, indeed, it spoils a bachelor for the festive board at the Palace Hotel. Well, so long, everybody. (*Crosses to door at back.*)

MRS. STOWE. Well, you know you're welcome.

THADDEUS. I know it. Many thanks, but I'll come over after supper. (*Exit THADDEUS door back.*)

MRS. STOWE. (*To ALONZO*) Will you be kind enough, Mr. Griffiths, to give me a pound of soda crackers?

(ALONZO *weighs soda crackers and puts them in bag and hands it to MRS. STOWE.*)

BILLY. (*To JOHN*) Say, John, I got something I want to talk to you about.

JOHN. All right, Billy, come over after supper, and we will have a chin.

(MRS. STOWE *crosses to* GRANDFATHER JO.)

MRS. STOWE. Now, Father, it's time for you to come home. You know you can't stand much excitement.

JO. Wasn't I in the Civil War?

MRS. STOWE. That was a long time ago.

JO. So it was, daughter—a long time ago. Now let me see, you were about—how old were you then?

MRS. STOWE. (*Severely*) That will do, Father.

(*They all laugh and Jo thumps his cane on the floor.*

MRS. STOWE *finally laughs. Jo rises from his chair.*)

JO. All right, daughter. Give me your arm.

JOHN. That's all right, Grandfather, I will take you home.

MRS. STOWE. Never mind, John. I am going home. You come later. (MRS. STOWE *takes* GRANDFATHER JO *by his arm.*)

JO. 'Bout face! (*He wheels* MRS. STOWE *about.*) March! (GRANDFATHER JO *and* MRS. STOWE *cross to door back.*)

JOHN. Where's the band, Grandfather?

JO. (*Turning*) On my hat. Ha! Ha! (*Exeunt* GRANDFATHER JO *and* MRS. STOWE.)

ALONZO. Get busy, Billy, the evening rush will soon be coming.

BILLY. Here comes some of it now.

(*Enter* GRACE *and* MABEL *at door back. MABEL crosses to* BILLY *and ignores* JOHN. *He notices*

this and is hurt. GRACE crosses to JOHN and starts to talk to him, but he cannot take his eyes off MABEL.)

GRACE. John, you don't seem a bit pleased to see me.

JOHN. I—I—oh, yes, I am, Grace.

BILLY. (*To MABEL*) Say, kid, you look all to the good to-day. Hot weather don't worry you any.

MABEL. (*To BILLY*) When are you going to the city, Billy?

BILLY. Real soon. This burg isn't big enough for me; I need more room.

MABEL. I always knew you were a hustler, Billy. I'll bet you make a lot of money some day.

BILLY. You said a mouthful then, kiddo. Say, I'm going to have a wholesale grocery of my own some day in the city.

ALONZO. Fetch me some prunes, Billy.

BILLY. All right. Make yourself at home, Mabel. (*He leaves MABEL, crosses to counter to ALONZO. He glares at him and hands him some prunes.*)

MABEL. All right, Billy.

ALONZO. Get old Mrs. Smith's order ready. She will be sending over for it soon. Step lively now.

(*BILLY glares at him and slams some things on the counter. MABEL crosses to JOHN and GRACE.*)

GRACE. How are things at the bank, John?

JOHN. (*Bitterly*) Same old grind. It never changes.

MABEL. (*Pretending she has just seen JOHN*) Oh, if it isn't John Stowe. I thought you were over at the bank. But of course you don't have to work hard like Billy. He is certainly going to be a successful business man.

JOHN. Yes, Billy is a wonder. He will be wealthy some day.

MABEL. Why don't you say millionaire?

JOHN. Because people who work in banks have a proper respect for money and a million is a big word, and means something.

MABEL. Why don't you get out of the bank? Do you want to stay there all your life?

JOHN. I guess that's all I am good for.

GRACE. Why, John, I think you hold a very responsible position. Anyone who works in a bank must be very reliable and steady.

MABEL. (*Sneering*) John is steady all right.

BILLY. (*Calling to them*) What are you people kidding John about?

ALONZO. (*To BILLY*) Tend to your own business.

(*BILLY glares at him again and slams things around.*

BILLY puts some things in a basket and starts toward the door at back. ALONZO is busy figuring.)

GRACE. Your mother invited me to have lunch with her to-morrow, John.

JOHN. Yes, poor Mother gets lonesome, I guess, with only Grandfather and me around.

BILLY. Come on, John. I am going right past your house and it's getting close to supper time.

ALONZO. (*Looking up*) Where are you going?

BILLY. To make the deliveries.

ALONZO. Well, come back and get some soap for Mrs. Wilson.

(*BILLY goes back again to counter at R. and slams a cake of soap in the basket.*)

BILLY. All right! All right!

JOHN. I'm ready, Billy, if you are.

(BILLY crosses to JOHN.)

BILLY. Come on, let's get out. (To ALONZO.)
Anything else?

ALONZO. Come back before the store closes.
(*Exeunt at door back BILLY and JOHN.*)

(MABEL and GRACE cross to counter at R. to
ALONZO.)

MABEL. Will you let me have a half pound of
sugar, Mr. Griffiths?

(*As the girls talk ALONZO takes out sugar, pours
some in paper bag, puts it on scales and weighs
it, then takes it off and places it on one side and
puts up his other orders.*)

GRACE. (To MABEL) You don't seem to think
much of John.

MABEL. He never takes a girl anywhere except
to prayer-meeting.

GRACE. John doesn't have much money to spend.
His mother and grandfather need all he earns.

MABEL. Then he hasn't a right to go with a real
live girl. If I go with a fellow he's got to spend
money on me.

GRACE. Billy is a spender.

MABEL. Yes, he spends all he makes.

GRACE. They are cousins, but they are certainly
different in every respect.

MABEL. Yes, John is a patient plodder who will
be a clerk all his life in a bank.

GRACE. And Billy?

MABEL. Billy is a live wire who will get some-
where.

GRACE. I believe in John.

MABEL. I am going to string both of them along and make sure of a meal ticket for life.

GRACE. Oh, Mabel, how can you say that—you know you don't mean it.

(Enter OLIVE from door back. OLIVE crosses to her counter at L. and takes off her hat.)

MABEL. Yes, I do, I mean every word of it.

(MABEL crosses to OLIVE'S counter at L. She tries on several hats, OLIVE helping her.)

GRACE. Mr. Griffiths, I would like a pound of butter in a package.

(ALONZO puts pound of butter wrapped in cardboard package on the scales, then opens package, takes out butter and cuts off about an eighth of it. GRACE watches him.)

ALONZO. This is city butter, Grace. I don't know as I can conscientiously recommend it.

GRACE. What are you doing? I thought all of those packages weighed exactly one pound.

ALONZO. Sometimes they weigh more—sometimes less. I aim to treat everybody square, so I always weigh the butter. See what the scales say!

(GRACE looks at the scales and is satisfied.)

GRACE. I don't doubt your honesty, Mr. Griffiths. Everyone knows you too well to doubt you.

ALONZO. I'm just a 'umble servant—that's all.
(ALONZO puts the remainder of the butter back in the package and lays it on the counter.)

(GRACE crosses to L. to MABEL and OLIVE.)

MABEL. (*Turning to GRACE*) How do you like this hat, Grace?

GRACE. I like it very much.

(MABEL *takes off hat and hands it to OLIVE.*)

MABEL. I like this hat, Miss DeLane, and I'll come in Saturday night when I've got more time and we can then discuss the fashions at our leisure. Thank you for your trouble.

(MABEL and GRACE *cross to counter at R. to ALONZO.*)

OLIVE. (*In a drawing tone*) Oh, no trouble at all, Miss Richards.

MABEL. (*Picking up package of sugar*) Is this the sugar I ordered, Mr. Griffiths?

ALONZO. (*Handing butter to GRACE*) Quite right, Mabel, and Grace, here is your butter. Are you girls coming to meeting Wednesday night?

(OLIVE *starts to cough. They turn and look at her. She stops.*)

OLIVE. (*Drawing*) Just a little choking spell.

GRACE. Nothing serious, I hope.

OLIVE. No, Miss Benson, it is only temporary.

(MABEL and GRACE *cross to door back with sugar and butter in their hands.*)

ALONZO. See you to-morrow, young ladies.

MABEL. Yes, indeed (*Turns to OLIVE.*) and we will discuss further the latest Paris fashions, Miss DeLane. (*Exeunt at door back MABEL in an affected manner and GRACE naturally.*)

ALONZO. Good-bye. Come again.

OLIVE. (*Imitating MABEL*) We will discuss the latest Paris fashions. Can you beat these belles in these country burgs? And to think their mothers worry about them. Say, nothing will ever happen to Mabel—she's the best gold digger in the state. I wish somebody would worry about me.

ALONZO. I worry about you, Olive.

OLIVE. Yes, you worry for fear I'll leave you.

(ALONZO comes hastily from behind his counter and crosses to OLIVE.)

ALONZO. Don't say that, Olive.

OLIVE. Why shouldn't I?

(ALONZO turns out his purse and hands OLIVE ten dollars.)

ALONZO. Here is ten dollars, Olive. That's a lot of money, but take it, and—spend it.

(OLIVE takes money.)

OLIVE. How dare you call this chicken feed money?

(ALONZO falls on his knees and seizes her hand.)

ALONZO. Olive, can't you be kind? (*Enter from door back BILLY with empty basket. ALONZO does not see him, but OLIVE does.*) You know how much I love you.

BILLY. Oh, Daddy!

(ALONZO gets up from his knees in a hurry and turns to BILLY. OLIVE grabs her hat and crosses to door R.)

ALONZO. (*To OLIVE*) Olive! Olive!

OLIVE. (*Turning*) Don't talk to me—you—bald headed old vulture. (*Exit OLIVE door back.*)

(*BILLY gazes at her a moment, then speaks.*)

BILLY. Gosh!

ALONZO. (*To BILLY*) I've stood about enough of you.

BILLY. Don't get sore at me because Olive turned you down.

ALONZO. (*In anger*) Mind your own business.

BILLY. Well, ain't I working for you?

ALONZO. You don't do any work as far as I can see.

BILLY. Well, I ain't carrying on with a certain dame as comes from the city.

ALONZO. That's enough from you.

BILLY. She's got her hooks into you for fair.

ALONZO. Right here is where you and me part company.

BILLY. Say, are you trying to give me a hint?

ALONZO. I'm telling you—you are fired.

BILLY. (*Throwing basket on floor*) All right, then, you old skinflint, pay up and I'll quit right now.

ALONZO. (*Crosses to counter at R. to cash register*) That suits me all right.

BILLY. Me too! I'm sick and tired of this burg.

ALONZO. (*Opens cash register and takes out money*) And this town is tired of you—a wicked young man like you.

BILLY. (*In surprise*) What! What do you mean?

ALONZO. I mean you ain't got proper respect for your elders.

BILLY. (*Crosses to ALONZO*) The nerve. No wonder you own your own grocery store.

ALONZO. And I intend to keep it. (*Holding out money to BILLY.*) Here's your five dollars.

BILLY. Come across! Come across!

ALONZO. I owe you five dollars. You don't get one penny more.

BILLY. (*Puts his hand on scales*) Say, don't you think I'm on to your graft?

(*Enter JOHN at door back. BILLY leans close to ALONZO. They glare at each other. They do not see JOHN.*)

ALONZO. Say that again!

BILLY. You heard what I said. Graft. You got those scales weighted.

ALONZO. (*Fiercely*) You lie!

BILLY. (*Close to his face*) No, I don't. You gain one-eighth of a pound on every sale. I've watched you. Now then, come across. I won't hold you up very much, but I can use twenty. Come across quick.

ALONZO. And—and—you won't tell?

BILLY. Not if you come across with twenty.

ALONZO. (*Hands BILLY twenty dollars*) All right, here's your money.

(*BILLY takes the money.*)

JOHN. (*Speaking from door to BILLY*) Hand it back.

BILLY. (*Turning and straightening up*) John!

(*JOHN crosses to c.*)

ALONZO. (*In surprise*) John Stowe! . . .

JOHN. (*To BILLY*) Hand back that money, Billy.

BILLY. (*Resentfully*) I don't see why I should.

JOHN. Don't you understand, Billy?

BILLY. I caught him cheating. Why shouldn't he pay me?

ALONZO. (*Eagerly*) You ain't going to tell, are you, John?

JOHN. No.

ALONZO. Then that's all right. You keep quiet, John, and mind your own business and I'll give you —

JOHN. (*Strides up to ALONZO. Sternly*) Stop right where you are.

ALONZO. What's the matter?

BILLY. If you don't tell on him, John, why shouldn't he pay you for your silence?

JOHN. Alonzo Griffiths, I'm sorry I ever found this out. You live in the town I'm proud of, and you're a deacon in the church where I was baptized, and—(*His voice breaks.*) and you almost make me ashamed of my town, and my church.

ALONZO. (*Pleadingly*) You ain't going to tell and disgrace me. (*BILLY looks at JOHN.*)

JOHN. You have already disgraced yourself. No, we ain't going to tell.

ALONZO. I knew you boys was good boys. Is it because you think so much of me, John?

JOHN. No, Alonzo. I guess it is because we love our town and our church. Don't you see we can't hurt them by telling on you? Don't do it, Alonzo, just do what Abraham Lincoln said.

ALONZO. What was that, John?

JOHN. Abe said, Alonzo, to let the better angels of your nature rule you.

BILLY. Well, John, whatever you say goes with me. Here's your money, Alonzo. (*Hands ALONZO money.*)

CURTAIN

ACT II

SCENE I

Home of JOHN STOWE.

At back a door L. of C. and a window R. of C. Between them hangs a large picture of Abraham Lincoln.

At R. wall of room is a bookcase with Lincoln books. Up stage from this is a telephone on a table. Down stage from the bookcase is a door leading to the kitchen.

At L. wall is a fireplace with a large comfortable armchair in front of it. Close by are several smaller chairs. A door down stage leads to a bedroom.

In the C. of the room is a library table with lamp on it and covered with a crazy quilt. The rug in the room is a rag carpet.

The room is a small, ordinary room in a small country town, and has electric lights and a telephone of a party line where everybody listens in. The wall is of a light tint with a pattern on it. (STAGE PLAN No. 2.)

(The curtain rises with GRANDFATHER JO seated in the comfortable chair in front of the fireplace, and MRS. STOWE starting toward the door at R. with package in her hand.)

MRS. STOWE. It's too bad John had to go back to the grocery store for that coffee.

JO. *(Looking into fireplace)* Daughter, it's a shame the way you try to spoil that boy. Yes, it's a

shame. When I was a kid I had to walk three miles to school, twice a day—winter and summer.

MRS. STOWE. No wonder you don't believe in education, Father. (MRS. STOWE *crosses to door at R.*)

Jo. (*Turning around*) What's that! What's that! (*The telephone bell rings.*) There goes that telephone bell again.

MRS. STOWE. You answer it, Father. I must get supper ready for us sometime to-night. (*Exit MRS. STOWE at door R.*)

Jo. Say—say, I'd ruther do do without supper than answer that durn party line. You answer it, daughter. (*The 'phone rings again. Jo turns and sees MRS. STOWE is not in room.*) Gosh durn it, she's left me here to answer that pesky thing. (*Jo crosses to 'phone at R. The 'phone keeps ringing while he crosses the room. Jo reaches 'phone and puts receiver to his ear.*) Say—say—who's talking to me? No, I don't want Mrs. Wilson. What's that! Well, who's talking? I can hear six of you now. Get off the line. I know I'm rude. I mean to be rude. Gosh durn it, shut up, somebody, and maybe I can hear something. What! What! (*JOHN enters from door back and MRS. STOWE enters from door R.*) Oh, damn! (*Jo drops receiver and walks back to chair at L. near fireplace. MRS. STOWE looks shocked and crosses to 'phone and hangs up receiver. JOHN laughs and crosses to her and hands her the package of coffee.*)

JOHN. What's the trouble, Grandfather?

Jo. It's nothing to laugh at.

JOHN. You don't seem to get results from that 'phone, Granddad.

Jo. Results! Gehosophat, John, there are twenty-seven people on that party line and every time anyone calls here they all listen in.

JOHN. That shouldn't worry you, Granddad.

Jo. Well, confound it, they all talk to the person who is calling me and I don't know who's talking or what they want.

JOHN. The rest of the town does.

Jo. But that doesn't do me any good. We've had this 'phone in over a year and I haven't been able to get a message through yet. I wonder what Abe would have thought about that?

MRS. STOWE. (*Slowly*) He would NOT have sworn. (*Exit MRS. STOWE door R.*)

Jo. Gosh, she's right there. (*Jo sits down in chair next to fireplace. JOHN sits in chair up stage from Jo.*)

(*Enter BILLY from door back with fiber suitcase in his hand.*)

BILLY. Well, John, I told you I had left Alonzo for good and so I'm going to the city to-night. (*BILLY puts his suitcase on table and crosses to JOHN. JOHN rises from his chair and pushes a chair toward BILLY. They sit down and draw their chairs together.*)

Jo. What are you going to do in the city, Billy?

BILLY. (*Grandly*) Make my fortune.

Jo. That's real nice. Now you tell John all about it while I take a little nap. (*GRANDFATHER Jo settles himself comfortably in the big chair and leans back and closes his eyes.*)

BILLY. Say, John, ain't you sick and tired of this burg?

JOHN. I like it pretty well. Nice and comfortable little town. Ain't it grand in summer, and say, don't we have fine times in winter here?

BILLY. Oh, it's all right for kids, but we've got our future to figure out. Honest now, John, what chance have you got here?

JOHN. I don't know, Billy. I haven't thought much about it.

BILLY. That's your trouble, John. You're just a "cog." You need stirring up. Ambition. Pep!

(GRANDFATHER JO *gives a snore and wakes up suddenly. He sits up.*)

JO. Who said pup? What pup?

JOHN. Billy was talking about pep.

JO. Excuse me, boys. Go on talking and don't pay any attention to me. (*He closes his eyes and dozes away again.*)

BILLY. I'm going to the city and get right into a wholesale grocery store and learn the business from the ground.

JOHN. That's the way, Billy. You'll be a great success.

BILLY. You bet I will. Say, John, in ten years from now if you come up to the city you will find me president of a big grocery company.

JOHN. Won't that be wonderful, Billy?

BILLY. You said it, John. You will come into my office and find me sitting at a ——

(HADLEY, the bookkeeper of the Commercial Bank, comes to the door at back and stands in doorway.)

HADLEY. Did I interrupt you fellows?

JOHN. (*Rises and brings a chair near the table at C. and places it near BILLY*) That's all right, Hadley, come right in. Here, you take this chair, and sit down by Billy.

HADLEY. (*Crosses to chair*) What's the excitement? (*HADLEY sits down in chair.*)

JOHN. (*Sits down in his chair*) Billy is going to the city to-night for good.

HADLEY. Left Alonzo?

BILLY. Yes, we had a bust up. Anyway I was bound to go soon. This burg ain't big enough for me.

HADLEY. Gee, I wish I had your chance. With a wife and two children I got to stay here. Say, John, why don't you go with Billy? Here's a big chance for you.

BILLY. That's just what I was telling John.

HADLEY. What are your plans, Billy?

BILLY. I was saying, Hadley, just as you came in, that in ten years from now I would be president of a big wholesale grocery in the city, and if you fellows came into my office you would find me sitting at a big mahogany desk, smoking a large black cigar and signing a check for one hundred thousand dollars.

(GRANDFATHER Jo *snores loudly and suddenly wakes.*)

Jo. Well! Well! What are you boys talking about? (*He sees HADLEY.*) Hello, Hadley!

HADLEY. Hello, Grandfather Jo.

Jo. Humph! I don't see why the whole town should call me grandfather.

JOHN. Hadley didn't mean to hurt your feelings, Granddad.

Jo. (*Shaking his fist*) Let me tell you boys right now I'm just as spry as any of you and don't call me grandfather all the time. That's one thing Abe Lincoln would never have tolerated. Humph! Humph! (*He gets up from his chair and crosses to door at L.*)

JOHN. Can I help you?

Jo. No, you can't help me. Do you think I'm a cripple? You entertain your friends, John, and I'll go to my room.

JOHN. All right.

JO. And I'll come back when Thaddeus comes over. (*Exit GRANDFATHER JO door L.*)

HADLEY. Your grandfather is a wonder, John.

JOHN. He certainly is.

HADLEY. Billy is right, John. Get out of this town before they get the shackles on you. Look at me. I have been bookkeeper for twelve years. Now consider old Keating, our cashier, who is ill at present. He has been cashier for twenty years.

JOHN. And his salary goes on while he is sick.

HADLEY. Sure it does, and we do his work at the bank between us. If Keating ever dies, which is doubtful, do you think I will get his place? I will not. Thaddeus Simmons will get a new cashier from the city. You are assistant bookkeeper, John, and you are drawing fifteen dollars a week, and you will be on the same stool and behind that same cage the rest of your life. And let me tell you right now you will be very lucky if you ever get a raise in salary. Say, do you think you will ever be head bookkeeper? No, not until I die, and I'm going to live to be ninety just out of spite.

(*MABEL comes to door at back.*)

MABEL. (*To JOHN*) Is your mother at home, John? (*MABEL crosses to C.*)

JOHN. Yes, Mabel, she is in the kitchen.

MABEL. (*Turning to BILLY*) I heard you were going to the city, Billy.

(*BILLY rises from his chair and crosses to MABEL. He talks to MABEL in pantomime.*)

HADLEY. (*Crosses to door at back*) Well, I must be going home. Drop in sometime when you are passing by. Good luck, Billy.

(BILLY turns toward HADLEY.)

BILLY. Thanks, Hadley. After I am located I will let you know.

HADLEY. So long. (*Exit HADLEY door back.*)

BILLY. (*To MABEL*) Mabel, when I am a millionaire I am coming back to claim you for my bride.

(JOHN turns his head away and shows he is hurt.)

MABEL. Billy Harmon, quit your kidding me.

BILLY. You ought to have the best there is and you shall. Ain't you going to get me?

MABEL. Listen to modesty.

BILLY. And when I am gone I don't want you to flirt with my cousin John.

MABEL. I won't make no rash promises.

(BILLY takes up his suitcase from the table, crosses to door at back and takes MABEL'S arm in his.)

BILLY. Come on down to the depot with me, Mabel, and see I get a good start. (*BILLY stops at door and holds out his hand and JOHN crosses to BILLY and takes his hand.*)

(MABEL disengages his arm and steps outside the door. MRS. STOWE comes into room at R. BILLY and JOHN do not see her. She stands still.)

JOHN. Billy, I sure hate to see you go to the city, and I shall certainly miss you.

BILLY. (*Holds hand of JOHN, turns his head and calls outside to MABEL*) Just a moment, Mabel, and I will be with you. (*To JOHN.*) Well, old

"cog," don't forget you are to come to the city soon and join me.

(As he speaks the mother of JOHN shows by her face her sorrow and fear. Exit BILLY door back. JOHN stands in the doorway and gazes out.)

MRS. STOWE. John!

JOHN. *(Turning)* Oh, Mother! *(JOHN crosses to his mother and takes her arm and crosses with her to mantelpiece L.)* Oh, I say, Mother, you just come over here and sit down in Grandfather's chair. I want to talk to my sweetheart. *(He puts his mother in GRANDFATHER JO's chair, then he pulls up a chair close beside her.)*

MRS. STOWE. I know what you want to talk about.

JOHN. Don't you think we ought to talk the matter over?

MRS. STOWE. Yes, it has to come sometime, John.

JOHN. Then you know that I want to go to the city?

MRS. STOWE. *(Sadly)* Yes, I know, John.

JOHN. Oh, Mother, you don't blame me?

MRS. STOWE. No, John, I don't blame you.

JOHN. You understand, Mother, I want my chance. I want to do something big.

MRS. STOWE. Do you, John?

JOHN. Yes, like Billy. Why, Billy is going to be president of a company in ten years and make lots of money. Now why shouldn't I?

MRS. STOWE. Can't you do big things here, John?

JOHN. Here! Good heavens! Unless Hadley is struck by lightning or dies I will never get to be even head bookkeeper, and as for old Keating, the cashier, why, he has been there for twenty years. I tell you it is hopeless. Say, Mother, I don't want

to be a fifteen-dollar-a-week clerk in a bank all my life.

MRS. STOWE. Why not?

JOHN. Why not? Say, Mother, haven't you any ambition, any pep?

MRS. STOWE. No, I guess I haven't.

JOHN. Mother, you are just a "cog."

MRS. STOWE. I know it. What do you want, John? What do you really want?

JOHN. I want to get out in the world and make a lot of money.

MRS. STOWE. That's just the way your father used to talk. It was to be some wonderful invention from which we were to make millions. (*She leans closer to JOHN.*)

JOHN. Tell me about it, Mother.

MRS. STOWE. When your father and I were married, John, we moved into this house. At night he used to work on his inventions on a bench in the kitchen and I would sit down and sew. I remember when your father drew out \$75.00 of his hard-earned money to take out a patent.

JOHN. (*Eagerly*) And—and what happened?

MRS. STOWE. It was stolen from him by a corporation.

JOHN. The thieves.

MRS. STOWE. Then he tried to raise the money to fight them, but no one would back him up.

JOHN. Why not?

MRS. STOWE. Because they were afraid of the power of the corporation.

JOHN. The cowards.

MRS. STOWE. Yes, John, money makes cowards of people. Your father did not give up. When he finished his second invention a representative of a manufacturing firm came to see it. He liked it, and offered your father five thousand dollars.

JOHN. (*Rising from his chair*) What! Five

thousand dollars for a valuable invention is an insult.

MRS. STOWE. That is just what your father said. He told the man he had put five years of work and time and that the invention was worth a million.

JOHN. I bet it was. (*JOHN sits down in his chair.*)

MRS. STOWE. Maybe it was, but we had mortgaged our house and the mortgage was about to fall due. I fought a whole week with your father, John. I begged him to accept this offer. I even got on my knees, and at last your father consented. He wrote to the firm who had made the offer and said he would accept five thousand for his patent, and the firm wrote back and said they were not interested.

(*JOHN rises from his chair.*)

JOHN. And they went back on their word?

MRS. STOWE. Yes, John, and your father could not raise money to even take out a patent, and they stole his invention. Stole it.

JOHN. I'd like to get them for that.

MRS. STOWE. The mortgage was foreclosed, your father was taken ill and—(*Her voice breaks.*) and he died of disappointment. (*She puts handkerchief to her eyes.*)

JOHN. (*Patting her on the shoulder*) Now, Mother, don't cry. There, don't cry. I'm glad you told me this. This is all the more reason why I should go to the city, to make up for you what you have been denied.

(*MRS. STOWE rises and clings to him.*)

MRS. STOWE. No, no, John. I have been denied nothing. You were left to me. That made up for

everything. I took in washing, I worked hard. I sent you through school, and five years ago you entered the bank as messenger, and to-day you are assistant bookkeeper. We have paid off the mortgage—and—and we have each other. I don't want you to go to the city and leave me.

JOHN. Not even if it is for the best?

MRS. STOWE. (*She looks earnestly into JOHN's face*) It is not for the best. Your father was crucified, John, body and soul, for his ambition. He considered his life a failure, and he died in despair. He said—tell John, my son, when he grows up—tell him to stick to the small town. Do you understand, John? These were almost his last words. Tell John never—never to leave his own town, tell him to work hard and save his money, and there is nothing in the world that can keep him down, and he will be happy and prosperous. Oh, John, don't leave me. Promise me you will never—never leave me.

JOHN. (*Kisses her, then speaks slowly*) I promise, Mother, I shall never leave you.

CURTAIN

ACT II

SCENE 2

Home of JOHN STOWE.

(The scene is the same as that of SCENE I. It is one hour later and JOHN is seated in a chair and is alone. He is gazing into the fireplace. GRANDFATHER JO enters from room at L. yawning and showing evidences of having just awakened from a nap. He looks at JOHN a moment, then crosses to him and sits down in his comfortable chair.)

Jo. Where is everybody, John?

JOHN. *(Looks up)* They have gone.

Jo. So Billy went to the city?

JOHN. Yes.

Jo. And I expect Hadley wanted to go along?

JOHN. I guess he did.

Jo. Hadley will come to a bad end. He is too flighty and too discontented.

JOHN. A cow is contented, Grandfather.

Jo. Humph! She durn well ought to be. Well, son, are you going to follow Billy to the city?

JOHN. No, I'm going to stay right here in this burg.

Jo. You are right, John. If you go to the city you will never be president of the United States. Look at Lincoln; wasn't he from the country? Of course he was. I tell you right now, Abe would be pleased with your decision.

JOHN. I ain't doing this for Abe.

Jo. Well, who are you doing it for?

JOHN. For Mother!

JO. She's right, boy—she's right, but she didn't have a right to interfere. I'll give her hell when I see her.

(THADDEUS comes to door at back and crosses to chair near JOHN and sits down.)

THADDEUS. How's everybody to-night?

JO. All right. I thought you was never coming over.

(Enter MRS. STOWE from door R. She crosses to GRANDFATHER JO.)

THADDEUS. I was delayed. (*He rises.*) Oh, good-evening, Mrs. Stowe.

MRS. STOWE. Good-evening, Thaddeus. Sit down.

(THADDEUS sits down in his chair. MRS. STOWE sits in chair near JOHN.)

JO. What's this, daughter, I hear about your persuading John to remain here?

MRS. STOWE. Now, Father, do not excite yourself.

JO. (*Pounds his cane on floor*) I'm calm as a oyster. You hadn't ought to ask John to stay here.

JOHN. I want to stay, Grandfather.

JO. Your mother is right, but just the same she ought to keep her hands off business matters.

THADDEUS. (*Hands JOHN some money*) Here, John, is \$16.20, the semi-annual interest on your money. Aren't you glad I made you save \$3.00 a week for five years?

(JOHN takes the money.)

JOHN. I certainly am, for I am now worth nearly \$800.

THADDEUS. Take the money and spend it Saturday night. I guess you need a few things.

JOHN. All right.

THADDEUS. (*To Jo*) Now, Jo, tell me some more about you and Lincoln.

Jo. Well, Thaddeus, it was fifty-seven years ago and I was just twenty. I remember one morning Abe Lincoln was calling for me. He wanted to go out and take a drive, I think. I can hear his voice now. He was standing beside his desk in the study in the White House and he was calling for me and ——

CURTAIN

ACT II

SCENE 3

*Study of ABRAHAM LINCOLN in the White House.
(Play this scene in one.)*

The setting is an Olio drop representing a room scene—interior wall backing. In front of Olio drop toward the R. side is a desk facing the audience with a chair behind it backed against the drop.

Two other chairs toward the L. side are also backed against the Olio. Entrances are made from L. and R. sides of the stage. If Olio drop is not available use a plush curtain.

(When the curtain rises ABRAHAM LINCOLN is seated at his desk looking over some papers. He takes his pen, signs a few letters, then rises and stands at the L. side of his desk. He turns his head toward the L. and calls.)

LINCOLN. Jo! Oh, Jo!

Jo. *(Calling from outside)* Coming, Mr. President.

(Enter Jo in ordinary suit, no hat. He is about twenty years old.)

LINCOLN. I am sorry to disturb you, Jo.

Jo. That's what I'm here for, Mr. President.

LINCOLN. Now, Jo, if it won't be too much trouble would you mind getting up early to-morrow morning so we can take a horseback ride?

Jo. All right, Mr. President. What time shall I call you?

LINCOLN. Just so we get started by four o'clock.

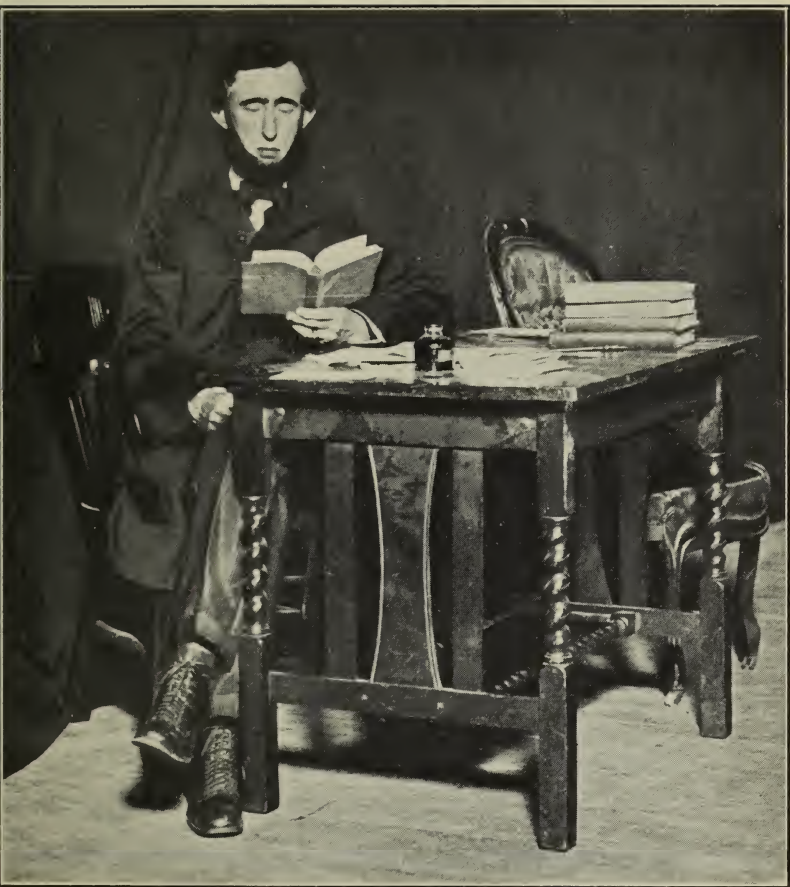


Photo by Craven—Indianapolis

THE MANTLE OF LINCOLN
Max J. Young as Abraham Lincoln
Act II—Scene 3

It was very thoughtful of you to suggest taking me for a drive yesterday—very thoughtful of you, Jo.

Jo. (*Embarrassed*) Oh, that's all right, Mr. President. (*Pause.*) Will Mrs. Lincoln want to take a drive to-morrow afternoon, Mr. President?

LINCOLN. I don't know as Ma will trust you very soon, Jo. When one of your horses got the blind staggers the other day and she jumped out and said she was going to walk back you took her at her word. (*He puts his hand on the shoulder of Jo.*) I noticed you licked up those horses right smart, Jo, and Ma had to walk nearly two miles. (*LINCOLN takes his hand off Jo's shoulder.*)

Jo. Was she angry, Mr. President?

LINCOLN. She was sort of out of breath. I asked her if she had a nice walk.

Jo. What did she say, Mr. President?

LINCOLN. She just naturally gave me hell, Jo. (*Jo and LINCOLN laugh.*) Jo, where is my old tall hat I used to wear in Springfield?

Jo. It's hanging in the feed room of the stable, Mr. President.

LINCOLN. Is it very dusty, Jo?

Jo. Considerable.

LINCOLN. I wonder if you would mind brushing it sometime, Jo, when you have not much to do.

Jo. Of course I will, Mr. President.

LINCOLN. Jo, you ain't thinking of leaving me, are you?

Jo. No, Mr. President.

LINCOLN. I don't want you to leave me, Jo. (*Puts his hand on Jo's shoulder again. He looks into the eyes of Jo.*) Look at me, Jo. (*Jo looks at him.*) You can't quit me. Just think of me and you won't quit. (*LINCOLN smiles.*)

Jo. I will stick as long as I can, Mr. President.

LINCOLN. Thank you, Jo. Thank you kindly. (*LINCOLN raises his hands above his head and*

speaks solemnly. He looks upwards.) It is the greatest honor in the world to be President of the United States (*Sadly and slowly.*) but it is a mighty lonesome job. (*LINCOLN keeps his head and eyes turned up toward the sky.*)

CURTAIN

ACT II

SCENE 4

General Store.

It is Saturday night in the General Store, about seven o'clock.

(As the curtain rises ALONZO is at the counter at R. putting up some groceries. He has flour on his hands. Enter from door at back JAMES GUTHRIE, an oil promoter.)

GUTHRIE. *(Enters briskly from door back with brief case in his hands. Crosses to ALONZO at R. Holds out his hand to ALONZO. He speaks in a loud and boisterous manner)* Good-evening, Mr. Griffiths. Good-evening.

ALONZO. *(Looking at his hands)* My hands are covered with flour, Mr. Guthrie.

(GUTHRIE seizes his hand and gives it a vigorous shake.)

GUTHRIE. Nonsense! The hand of an honest man is always clean.

(ALONZO is pleased and beams.)

ALONZO. Folks are eating supper so there is a lull in business right now. You know, Mr. Guthrie, Saturday night is our busy time.

GUTHRIE. That's what makes money for you merchants. It's strenuous work. I'm glad I have retired from business.

ALONZO. I been thinking over your oil proposi-

tion, Mr. Guthrie, and it looks mighty good to me. (*Scratches his head.*) Now that I got a few minutes spare time would you mind if I asked a few questions?

GUTHRIE. (*Expansively*) A million. We invite the inspection of the public. We welcome it. We insist on it.

ALONZO. Well, if I put in two thousand, is there any possible chance of my losing my money?

GUTHRIE. Not the slightest. The leases are the most valuable in the entire field, and when I said you would get back from your investment in a few months one hundred thousand dollars I estimated the minimum amount. You will probably make nearer a million. But you understand, Mr. Griffiths, I am conservative and I do not want to promise you more than one hundred thousand.

ALONZO. That's lots of money.

GUTHRIE. (*Shrugs his shoulders*) It is a fair return for your investment. As one of the leading citizens here you are permitted to share in this wonderful investment. Mr. Hadley, the bookkeeper in your bank here, seems to think very highly of our securities. I found him a very enterprising and wide-awake young man, and by the way, I deposited a small sum of money in your Commercial Bank. I trust it is safe.

(*Enter HADLEY door back. He is nervous all through the scene. HADLEY crosses to GUTHRIE and ALONZO.*)

ALONZO. Yes, Thaddeus Simmons is as good as gold. Your money is safe, Mr. Guthrie.

(*GUTHRIE turns to HADLEY.*)

GUTHRIE. We were just speaking of you, Mr.

HADLEY. I mentioned that I had deposited a small sum of money in your bank yesterday.

HADLEY. Yes, twenty-five hundred.

ALONZO. Gee! I don't call that a small sum.

GUTHRIE. Mr. Hadley, did you raise the \$300 for that special offer I made you of \$300 for a \$500 block of oil stock in our company? I cannot hold that offer open beyond to-night.

HADLEY. (*Nervously*) I didn't have all the money, so I borrowed it.

GUTHRIE. It's the best investment you will ever make in your life. In sixty days you will reap your reward. I am sorry that your friend, that young man, the assistant bookkeeper, did not go in with us. I always like to help young men advance in this world.

HADLEY. Oh, you mean John Stowe. John hasn't got sense enough to see through a big proposition like this, Mr. Guthrie.

GUTHRIE. (*Sadly*) It's too bad the way one loses opportunities.

HADLEY. Thaddeus took \$500 of John's money and invested it for him in land out near the railroad. What do you think of that, Alonzo?

ALONZO. It don't look good to me.

GUTHRIE. You are right, Mr. Griffiths, people don't make big money that way. But that is exactly the opinion I would expect from a broad-minded and clear-headed business man like you.

HADLEY. That's just what I told John.

GUTHRIE. Well, gentlemen, are you ready to start prosperity rolling toward you?

HADLEY. (*Hands him \$300*) I know I am.

(GUTHRIE opens his brief case, takes out some fancy embossed stock certificates and hands one to
HADLEY.)

GUTHRIE. Here, Mr. Hadley, is your stock. You have the true instinct of a banker for making money. You will reap enough out of this to start a lucrative business of your own. (*He turns to ALONZO.*) And now, Mr. Griffiths, are you ready with your contribution that is to form the cornerstone of your fortune?

ALONZO. (*Opens cash register and takes out \$2,000*) You said you wanted cash, Mr. Guthrie. Here is my \$2,000 and it is about all I have.

GUTHRIE. (*Hands stock certificates to ALONZO and closes his brief case*) You can merely consider that you have placed your money in a bank. It is in my keeping. Within a few months I will meet you at the hotel in the city, and turn over at least one hundred thousand dollars. To be accurate I will say that I will meet you in exactly sixty days from now at the St. James Hotel in the city. (*He holds out his hand.*) You have my word of honor, gentlemen—my word of honor.

(*ALONZO wipes off his hands and shakes hands with GUTHRIE. GUTHRIE picks up his brief case, crosses to door at back and departs in a grand manner. ALONZO and HADLEY gaze after him, then ALONZO turns to HADLEY.*)

ALONZO. (*To HADLEY*) Won't the people around here be jealous when they find out about our fortune?

HADLEY. You bet they will. I tell you, Alonzo, we were mighty lucky that Mr. Guthrie picked us out. (*MABEL enters. She is followed by OLIVE. OLIVE crosses to her counter and MABEL crosses to her after bowing to HADLEY. HADLEY crosses to door back. To ALONZO.*) Well, so long, Alonzo. See you at church to-morrow.

ALONZO. You bet. And say, don't forget sixty days from now.

MABEL. (*Holding out hat, speaks to OLIVE*) How much is this hat, Miss DeLane?

OLIVE. That hat is ten dollars, Miss Richards.

MABEL. (*Putting it down quickly*) Do you think I am a millionaire's daughter, Olive DeLane? (*MABEL talks to OLIVE in pantomime.*)

(*Enter from door back JOHN and MRS. STOWE. They cross to C. of ALONZO at R.*)

JOHN. Now, Mother, you come right over and get some silk for a new dress. Mr. Simmons said to spend the interest on the money.

MRS. STOWE. But not on me. You need clothes, John—need them badly.

JOHN. Alonzo, will you please get out some silk goods for Mother to look at?

(*ALONZO pulls out a partial bolt of goods. MRS. STOWE examines the goods.*)

MRS. STOWE. That's real pretty, John, but I don't need it. You are just spoiling me.

(*MABEL turns partially toward JOHN and shows her disgust by her manner. OLIVE is interested and pleased. She smiles.*)

JOHN. How much will Mother need for a dress, Alonzo?

ALONZO. Let me see, Mrs. Stowe. You ain't fat and you ain't thin.

JOHN. (*Laughing*) No, Mother's just right.

ALONZO. Medium, we call it. Four and one-half yards ought to be plenty.

JOHN. And what does that come to?

ALONZO. Let me see. Well, that comes to exactly \$12.00.

JOHN. (*Taking out money*) All right, wrap it up, Alonzo. That won't leave us much for a bonnet.

(ALONZO *wraps up goods and hands bundle to*
JOHN.)

MRS. STOWE. John Stowe, what are you thinking about? A new bonnet at my age! I declare to goodness.

JOHN. Come on, Mother. Let's see what Olive has.

MRS. STOWE. I declare to goodness I won't move from here.

(JOHN *puts bundle on counter near ALONZO and picks his mother up and carries her to L. to counter of OLIVE DELANE. She struggles and ALONZO and OLIVE laugh. MABEL is disgusted. JOHN puts his mother down and speaks to MABEL.*)

JOHN. (*Awkwardly*) Good-evening, Mabel, are you buying a new hat?

MABEL. (*Coldly*) I was contemplating it, Mr. Stowe. (*She turns her back on him, and snubs him directly.*)

JOHN. (*Takes step forward, then stops*) I say—I say—— (*MABEL does not turn around. JOHN is hurt and turns to OLIVE who smiles.*) Miss DeLane, can you fix up Mother with a bonnet? You know—just something nice but of course not too expensive. You—you know.

(MRS. STOWE *takes off her hat, lays it on counter, picks up a black bonnet and tries it on.*)

OLIVE. (*Smiles*) I think I understand, John.

MRS. STOWE. This is a very nice bonnet, John.

JOHN. Why, Mother, that's a black bonnet. That won't do for my sweetheart. No, sreee, that's for some old lady. (MRS. STOWE *takes off the black bonnet*. JOHN *picks up the hat MABEL first tried on.*) You know, Olive, that black hat won't do for Mother. How is this?

MRS. STOWE. That is an expensive hat, John Stowe.

JOHN. (*Hands the hat in his hand to his mother*) You try it on and we will find out the price afterwards.

(MRS. STOWE *puts on the hat*. OLIVE *hands her a mirror*. MABEL *turns and sees the hat she admired on the head of MRS. STOWE.*)

MABEL. Well, I never.

JOHN. That's the hat for you, Mother.

MRS. STOWE. (*Looking at herself in the mirror*) Oh, John, it is beautiful.

JOHN. That settles it. How much is that hat, Miss DeLane?

OLIVE. Let me see—oh, yes, that hat is five dollars. (*She looks straight at MABEL as she speaks.*)

MABEL. I thought you said ——

OLIVE. (*Interrupting*) I said five dollars, Miss Richards.

MABEL. I heard you.

JOHN. Say, Mother, that is a little above our limit. You know we've only got four dollars and twenty cents left. I was figuring on four dollars for a hat and twenty cents for a movie show for us to-night.

MRS. STOWE. That's all right, John, I really don't need a hat.

JOHN. Yes, you do, and I'm going to dig into our surplus fund to buy it.

OLIVE. Let me look at that hat, Mrs. Stowe.

(MRS. STOWE *takes off hat and hands it to OLIVE.*)

MRS. STOWE. Certainly, Miss DeLane.

OLIVE. (*Looks at hat*) My mistake—it—it is four dollars.

JOHN. (*Pulls out his money*) Is that right? Say that again, Olive.

OLIVE. (*Laughing*) Four dollars.

(MRS. STOWE *is overjoyed.* JOHN *gives money to OLIVE.*)

MRS. STOWE. John, I didn't think anyone could get a hat that cheap these days.

OLIVE. Mrs. Stowe, if you will come back after the show I will have the hat ready for you. I want to make a slight change in the trimming.

MRS. STOWE. Now, Miss DeLane, I don't want you to go to any extra trouble.

OLIVE. No trouble at all.

(JOHN *and his mother start to cross to door at back.*

JOHN *is going to speak to MABEL, but she turns her back on him and cuts him dead. JOHN is hurt and his mother is hurt because JOHN is hurt. She takes his arm. They cross to door back. As they reach the door JOHN turns and speaks to ALONZO.*)

ALONZO. How about the dress goods, John?

JOHN. Keep it until we come back. (*Exeunt JOHN and MRS. STOWE door back.*)

ALONZO. All right, John.

MABEL. (*In anger turns on OLIVE*) You told me that hat was ten dollars.

OLIVE. My mistake, Miss Richards.

MABEL. Well, pass some of those kind of mistakes along to me.

(*Enter at door back THADDEUS SIMMONS. He crosses to ALONZO at R.*)

OLIVE. Mistakes will happen, you know.

MABEL. I won't buy any hat from you now.

OLIVE. Suit yourself, Miss Richards.

MABEL. (*Vindictively*) John is a big boob to buy his old mother a new hat. He ought to buy himself a new suit so he won't be a disgrace to the town.

OLIVE. I think he did a fine thing.

MABEL. You can think what you like. I know John Stowe. He is as slow as molasses.

OLIVE. He may be as slow as molasses, but he is as good as gold.

(*MABEL throws back her head and crosses to door at back. THADDEUS, ALONZO and OLIVE watch MABEL as she goes to door at back, but they say nothing. Exit MABEL door at back.*)

THADDEUS. She seems considerably worked up.

OLIVE. Yes, she wanted a hat that John Stowe bought for his mother. (*OLIVE puts up the hats that have been tried on except MRS. STOWE'S hat.*)

THADDEUS. Did John do that?

ALONZO. He sure did, and also twelve dollars' worth of silk for a new dress.

THADDEUS. What did he get for himself?

ALONZO. Nothing!

THADDEUS. Rich old widow Carpenter of Morgan County came to the bank this morning and

John was so durn polite and nice to her, that she decided to deposit her funds in our bank in the future, so I am going to do something for John. Next time you see him you give him the best suit and hat you got in your store, and send the bill to me.

ALONZO. Do you mean that, Thaddeus?

THADDEUS. Do I generally say things I don't mean? And by the way, don't tell John I gave it to him. Do you understand?

OLIVE. (*Crosses to ALONZO and THADDEUS*) Isn't that wonderful?

ALONZO. Now I will pick out a good twenty-five-dollar suit and a five-dollar hat. I like to see sentiment like this. It's very fine to see thirty dollars' worth of sentiment—too bad it don't happen every day.

(THADDEUS *glares at ALONZO. He is sore.*)

THADDEUS. This is business. John brought the best customer to the bank it has ever had. Sentiment! Sentiment, hell! (THADDEUS *crosses to door at back.*)

ALONZO. No offense, Thaddeus.

(THADDEUS *does not turn, but continues his walk to door at back. Exit THADDEUS door back.*

OLIVE *crosses to c. of stage. ALONZO crosses to OLIVE.*)

OLIVE. Won't John be pleased when he comes back?

ALONZO. I don't believe that hat you sold to John Stowe for his mother was a \$4.00 hat at all.

OLIVE. No, it was a ten-dollar hat, and the extra trimmings brings it to twelve.

ALONZO. What!

OLIVE. Yes, and Mrs. Stowe gets it for four.

ALONZO. Say, I believe you are in love with John Stowe.

OLIVE. (*Embarrassed*) What—what are you talking about?

ALONZO. Well, I tell you right now he won't ever marry you.

OLIVE. I am not thinking of marrying anyone. Get that in your head. But I sure hope Grace gets John.

ALONZO. Why?

OLIVE. Because Mabel is not half good enough for him.

ALONZO. I guess you are in love with him, after all.

OLIVE. Don't act more foolish than you look. I'm old enough in experience to be his grandmother.

ALONZO. He is a pretty decent boy.

OLIVE. I only wish (*Pause.*) I had met somebody like him (*Pause.*) ten years ago.

ALONZO. Well, don't get crazy about him, that's all I got to say.

OLIVE. (*Looks straight at him*) Say, you ain't running me, and don't you forget it. (*Pause.*) Now, Alonzo, I warn you right now to get busy and dig up a wad of money. I am getting tired of this burg and I am going to pass it up in a very short time.

ALONZO. In two months I will have a fortune.

OLIVE. How much?

ALONZO. About a hundred thousand.

OLIVE. Say, wake up. Come out of it. Do they give it to you with a needle or feed you on it with a spoon?

ALONZO. What's the matter?

OLIVE. Nothing much, only if you go around

town talking loose talk like that they will send for your keeper and lock you up again.

ALONZO. I tell you in sixty days I will have a fortune.

OLIVE. If you dig up ten thousand I will be satisfied. That will last a few weeks.

ALONZO. (*Aghast*) A few weeks!

OLIVE. Yes, if we are careful.

(*Enter at door back JOHN and MRS. STOWE.*

ALONZO rushes to JOHN and starts to pull him toward his counter at the R. JOHN resists.)

ALONZO. I have a new suit for you, John.

JOHN. (*Resisting*) But I don't want to buy a suit.

ALONZO. (*Still pushes him. JOHN struggles*) And a hat.

JOHN. Say, Alonzo, do you think I am a millionaire? (*ALONZO releases JOHN.*)

ALONZO. It's a present.

JOHN. I don't want you to give me a present.

OLIVE. Don't worry, John Stowe, did you ever know of Alonzo giving a present to anyone?

JOHN. But I don't understand.

(ALONZO gets a tape measure from counter and crosses to JOHN.)

ALONZO. Don't look a gift horse in the face. Someone has made you a present and I promised not to tell, and what's more I won't, but I guess you earned it all right.

MRS. STOWE. I think I know who gave it to you.

JOHN. Do you? Well, tell me.

MRS. STOWE. No, John, I won't, but it is all right.

OLIVE. Oh, yes, it is all right, John. You take it. No one ever had to push a gift on me like this.

(ALONZO measures JOHN around the waist, then the length of his trouser leg.)

JOHN. It sure is a surprise.

ALONZO. I got just the size for you. (ALONZO crosses to counter where there are a few suits and picks out one. It will be one of the actor's suits who plays the part of JOHN.)

OLIVE. Did you ever see the merchant who didn't have just the right size of suit?

(JOHN looks at the suit which ALONZO hands to him.)

JOHN. That looks fine.

(OLIVE crosses to her counter at L.)

ALONZO. All right, John, I will wrap it up for you. (ALONZO wraps up suit for JOHN and hands it to him.)

OLIVE. Mrs. Stowe, your hat is all fixed now.

(Holds out the hat so MRS. STOWE can see it. MRS. STOWE crosses to counter L.)

MRS. STOWE. My, how pretty it is.

(OLIVE puts the hat in a fancy box and hands it to MRS. STOWE.)

ALONZO. (To JOHN) Let me look at your hat, John.

(JOHN hands his hat to ALONZO who looks inside for the number, then gives it back to JOHN.)

JOHN. What's the idea?

ALONZO. There is a hat also coming to you.

(ALONZO *picks up a hat which belongs to the actor who plays the part of JOHN.*)

JOHN. But this is not Christmas.

ALONZO. (*Puts the new hat in box*) This hat is the latest thing, John, and it goes fine with the new suit.

JOHN. Somebody is trying to make a dude of me. (JOHN *takes the bundles—the dress goods, the suit and the hat.*)

(*Enter at door back MABEL. MABEL crosses to ALONZO.*)

ALONZO. (*To MABEL*) A salesman from the city was in the store this morning, Mabel, and he says Billy is getting to be a regular sport, and rushing the girls something fierce.

MABEL. (*Tossing her head*) What Billy Harmon does is not of the slightest interest to me.

OLIVE. (*Calls to MABEL*) You ought to see the new suit and hat John Stowe just got from Mr. Griffiths.

MABEL. (*Turns to JOHN and smiles*) That is fine, John. I bet you will look just dandy.

(ALONZO *starts to throw the cover over the suits and in general to make preparations for closing the store for the night. OLIVE nods her head as much as to say, "Can you beat that?" Then she starts to put things away in her department.*)

JOHN. (*Embarrassed and pleased, speaks to MABEL*) Thank you—thank you, Mabel. (*He*

shifts his packages and is clumsy in his attempts to appear at ease.)

(MABEL starts toward door at back.)

MABEL. Well, John, drop around whenever you find time.

(ALONZO and OLIVE both turn and look at her.)

JOHN. Of—of course I will.

MABEL. *(Stops as she reaches door and smiles at JOHN)* And, John, if you would like to take me to meeting Wednesday night I shall be very glad to go with you—that is—that is, of course, if you have no other engagement.

JOHN. *(In his eagerness takes a step toward her)* No—no—I have no engagement. You bet I will take you.

MABEL. *(In affected manner)* Good-night—John. *(Exit MABEL door back.)*

OLIVE. Well, can you beat —

(ALONZO waves his hand to OLIVE and she stops.)

JOHN. *(To his mother with joy)* Did you hear what she said, Mother?

MRS. STOWE. *(Quietly)* Yes, I heard, John.

JOHN. And she wants me to take her to meeting Wednesday night. Isn't that great?

MRS. STOWE. *(Gazing at the door through which MABEL left the store, speaks slowly)* She neither spins nor toils, but she gathers in the spoils.

CURTAIN

ACT III

SCENE I

Commercial Bank. Private office of THADDEUS SIMMONS, president of the bank.

At the back is a door that leads from the private office of the president to the bank. At R. of door a hat-rack. At R. wall are galvanized tin filing cases. At L. wall are letter filing cabinets. At the C. of stage is a large mahogany desk with papers, note blanks, letters and envelopes on it. At L. of this desk is the chair of the president. Other chairs are grouped about the desk.

STAGE PLAN No. 3.

(As curtain rises JOHN is standing by the side of THADDEUS SIMMONS, who is seated at his desk. JOHN hands him some letters and certificates of stock. JOHN has on his new suit.)

THADDEUS. John, that land you bought, or rather I made you buy, near the depot for five hundred is going to bring in good returns in about six months. The railroad needs that land.

JOHN. I want to thank you, Mr. Simmons, and also for the new hat and suit.

THADDEUS. (*Gruffly*) Don't know what you are talking about.

JOHN. Someone told me you were the giver.

THADDEUS. (*Crusty*) Well, don't believe everything you hear. Do you understand?

JOHN. Yes, Mr. Simmons.

(Enter door at back HADLEY with certificates of stock. He is nervous.)

THADDEUS. (*To JOHN*) I am going over to the depot. Return in exactly fifteen minutes. (*Turns to HADLEY.*) What do you want, Hadley? (*As he speaks HADLEY jumps and nearly drops his papers.*) Nervous as an old cat sitting on catnip, aren't you?

HADLEY. I—I just wanted to turn over these government securities.

THADDEUS. Put them in CASE A.

(*HADLEY crosses to first filing case at R. side and places the securities in this case.*)

JOHN. Looks to me, Mr. Simmons, when I went in my cage this morning as though someone had been fooling with my books.

THADDEUS. Someone has. Maybe it was the bank examiner.

HADLEY. (*Nervously*) What! I—I ——

THADDEUS. What are you trying to say, Hadley?

HADLEY. I—I didn't know he was in town.

THADDEUS. No reason you should know it.

JOHN. Oh, that's all right if the bank examiner went through my books. I don't mind that, Mr. Simmons.

THADDEUS. It wouldn't do you any good if you did mind. And by the way, Hadley, (*Looks straight at him.*) I want to see you when I return. You'll be here, will you?

HADLEY. (*Nervously*) Of course—of course, Mr. Simmons.

(*THADDEUS starts to cross to hat-rack at back.*)

THADDEUS. See that you are, and you too, John.

JOHN. All right.

(THADDEUS puts on his hat. Exit THADDEUS door back. HADLEY crosses to desk of THADDEUS at c. JOHN starts toward door back.)

HADLEY. John! John! Just a minute!

JOHN. (*Turning around*) What's the trouble, Hadley?

HADLEY. Did you hear what Thaddeus said? You know what I mean, about the bank examiner being here.

JOHN. Sure I heard him.

HADLEY. And did you see the way he looked at me?

(JOHN crosses to HADLEY quickly.)

JOHN. Say, Hadley, you need a vacation.

HADLEY. I know it! I know it! Say, John, will you let me have \$200?

JOHN. Two hundred! Why, that is about all the money I have.

HADLEY. (*Wildly*) I MUST have it.

JOHN. You talk as though it is a matter of life and death.

HADLEY. IT IS.

JOHN. Why, Hadley, you told me last month you had a hundred dollars saved up.

HADLEY. I bought oil stock with that from Guthrie, and in two months I will get back a hundred dollars for every one I have invested.

JOHN. Then you have nothing to worry about. Hold yourself together for sixty days, then you can take your whole family and yourself on a fine vacation.

HADLEY. I can't wait that long.

JOHN. You must. I can't give you every cent of money I have in the world.

HADLEY. (*Hangs his head*) Then I'll have to go to the "pen."

JOHN. To the "pen"! Say—what ——

HADLEY. I—I needed three hundred dollars for my investment, and I borrowed two hundred from the bank.

JOHN. (*Stepping back*) You what!

HADLEY. I didn't expect the examiner in for ninety days and I could have paid it back long before that. (*He looks at JOHN, but JOHN says nothing.*) Say something, John—say something.

JOHN. I guess I got to let you have that money, Hadley.

HADLEY. If you do, John, I can replace the two hundred at once, and it will save me, and say, John, I will pay you within sixty days just exactly one thousand dollars for your two hundred.

JOHN. No, no, I don't want that. You see, Abe Lincoln always helped anyone who was in trouble, and I guess you're sure in trouble. (*JOHN crosses to door back.*)

HADLEY. I—I want to thank you.

JOHN. Now, Hadley, don't say any more about it and don't worry. I will bring the money right back to you. But you must tell the truth to Thaddeus and throw yourself on his mercy. (*Exit JOHN door back.*)

(*HADLEY paces nervously back and forth a few times. Enter JOHN from door back with money in his hands. HADLEY rushes nervously to JOHN. JOHN hands the money to HADLEY, who seizes it eagerly and starts toward the door back. Enter at door back THADDEUS SIMMONS. HADLEY stops. THADDEUS hangs up his hat on the rack. HADLEY puts the money quickly in his pocket, but THADDEUS sees him.*)

THADDEUS. (*Slowly*) You seem a bit excited, Hadley. Where are you going?

HADLEY. To—to my desk.

THADDEUS. There is no hurry. I want to talk to you, Hadley. (JOHN *starts for door at back.*) And you, too, John. (THADDEUS *crosses to his desk and sits down.*) Both of you stand in front of my desk. I have something important to tell you. And by the way, Hadley, what was that money you just put into your pocket?

JOHN. It was some money I loaned him.

THADDEUS. Since when have you gone into the loan business?

JOHN. This is a personal loan, Mr. Simmons.

THADDEUS. What is your security for this loan?

JOHN. Security!

THADDEUS. Yes, security. You're in the banking business and I guess you know what security means.

JOHN. Hadley's word is good for it.

THADDEUS. I have my doubts.

JOHN. Mr. Simmons!

THADDEUS. You heard what I said, John, and so did Hadley. I reckon the amount was about two hundred dollars.

JOHN. That's right.

THADDEUS. Well, hand it over, Hadley. I guess I am entitled to it. (HADLEY *hands the money to*

THADDEUS. THADDEUS *counts it.*) Exactly two hundred. Sort of scared you what I said about the bank examiner.

JOHN. Hadley was going to tell you all about it, Mr. Simmons.

(HADLEY *starts to speak.* THADDEUS *raises his hand.*)

THADDEUS. Just a moment, Hadley. I said maybe the bank examiner was here. He was not

here. Good thing for you, Hadley. If he was you wouldn't be in this office now. Go ahead and talk.

HADLEY. Well—I borrowed two hundred dollars from the bank and ——

THADDEUS. (*Sternly*) You mean you appropriated two hundred dollars of the funds of the bank and invested it in oil stock. (*Points his finger at him.*) You are an embezzler and a thief.

JOHN. He can return it right away.

(THADDEUS *hands the money to* JOHN.)

THADDEUS. Here is your money.

JOHN. But I loaned it to Hadley.

THADDEUS. Take it back.

(JOHN *takes the money.*)

HADLEY. (*In broken tones*) What are you going to do, Mr. Simmons?

THADDEUS. I ought to send you to the penitentiary.

JOHN. No, no, don't do that, Mr. Simmons. He will never do this again. He can have my money. I want to help him.

THADDEUS. How? By paying back money he has stolen? Your help is merely sentiment. By this kind of help you do him harm. Hadley does not need help, he needs punishment.

JOHN. You—you won't send him to the penitentiary. Abe would not have done this, Mr. Simmons.

THADDEUS. (*To* HADLEY) No one in my bank can gamble and remain. You are fired.

(HADLEY *leans against the table.* JOHN *pulls out a chair and forces* HADLEY *in it.* JOHN *pats* HADLEY *on shoulder.* THADDEUS *takes out*

some notes and makes them out. Writes a few lines on a paper, puts it in envelope and seals it up.)

JOHN. Things will come out all right, Hadley.

(HADLEY bows his head to table.)

THADDEUS. Now, Hadley, I have decided what I am going to do. *(HADLEY looks up in fear. THADDEUS pushes four notes over to HADLEY.)* Here are four notes ninety days apart for \$50 each. That gives you a year to pay back \$200. Sign the notes.

(HADLEY signs the notes and pushes them back to THADDEUS.)

JOHN. Now you see, Hadley, everything is working out for your good.

THADDEUS. *(Handing a letter to HADLEY)* Here is a letter to a crank who is president of a bank in the city. I have told him all about your transaction and he will give you a better position than the one you have here. He always wants to help fellows like you. If he didn't, I don't know where you would get a job. That is all.

(HADLEY takes the letter and rises slowly. He is overcome with emotion.)

HADLEY. I—I want to thank you, Mr. Simmons. I shall never forget your kindness. *(HADLEY crosses to door at back.)*

THADDEUS. *(Gruffly)* Don't thank me. Just see that you pay those notes. *(As HADLEY reaches the door.)* And don't forget the interest.

(Exit door back HADLEY.)

JOHN. I feel terribly sorry for Hadley. I wonder what made him do this?

THADDEUS. Desperation, John. His wife married him for a meal ticket. Lots of them do. No good comes of it.

JOHN. It was fine of you to help him. It shows what a wonderful thing sentiment is.

THADDEUS. (*Sore*) Sentiment! Hell!

JOHN. All right.

THADDEUS. Don't talk about sentiment. And by the way, take charge of Hadley's cage.

(JOHN crosses to door back.)

JOHN. Very good, sir.

THADDEUS. And stay there.

JOHN. What do you mean?

THADDEUS. I mean your salary is raised ten dollars a week and you are now head keeper.

JOHN. Say, that is fine. I want to thank you very much.

THADDEUS. (*Severely*) You watch your step and don't waste your time thanking me.

(*Enter GRANDFATHER Jo at back.*)

Jo. Ain't disturbing nobody, am I?

THADDEUS. (*Rising from chair*) Come on in, Jo.

Jo. Ruther see you, Thaddeus, than anybody I knows. Only feller in town that don't call me grandfather. (*Jo crosses to THADDEUS and sits down in chair near THADDEUS who also sits down in his chair.*)

JOHN. Hadley is going to the city and I got his job, Granddad.

Jo. That sure would please Abe.

THADDEUS. Go in the bank, John. Do you want someone to come in and rob us?

(Exit JOHN back.)

Jo. Do you know, Thaddeus, the influence of Lincoln, the books John reads about him and the stories I tell him are just making a fine feller of our John.

THADDEUS. Yes, he's getting more worthy every day to wear the Mantle of Lincoln. And by the way, that reminds me, Jo, you promised to tell me about the time you and Lincoln was arrested during the war.

Jo. Gosh, ain't I never told you that story? The President and I were out driving one morning, and we came past the old Capital. It was filled with prisoners. We had just driven by the park where there was a corporal of the guard acting as sentry and ——

CURTAIN



Photo by Craven—Indianapolis

THE MANTLE OF LINCOLN
Act III—Scene 2

ACT III

SCENE 2

The setting is an Olio drop representing a wood or park scene. Nothing else. In case Olio drop is not available, use plush curtain.

A park. Washington, D. C. (Play this scene in one.)

(As the curtain rises a corporal of the guard in G. A. R. uniform, with a gun over his shoulder, is pacing back and forth. Off stage to the R. is heard the slow pace of horses. The guard crosses to R. and levels his gun.)

GUARD. Halt! *(The noise of horses walking ceases.)* You people in that carriage get out and come here at once.

(Enter from R. JO, about twenty, in coachman's uniform and hat. He carries whip in his hand. He is angry. He is followed by PRESIDENT LINCOLN—calm and unruffled. LINCOLN has on his tall hat. The GUARD still points his gun at them.)

JO. *(With importance)* What's all this about, young man?

GUARD. Don't you people know the rules and regulations of this prison?

JO. No.

GUARD. Well, the rules are to drive by fast. I place you people under arrest.

JO. Young man, do you know who you have arrested?

GUARD. (*Curtly*) No, and I don't care.

JO. You have arrested the President of the United States.

(*The corporal of the guard immediately lowers his gun, straightens up and stands at present-arms. He looks straight ahead. He is scared and does not speak.*)

LINCOLN. (*Kindly*) Corporal, come here. (*The corporal of the guard takes several steps forward toward LINCOLN.*) I'm very sorry we broke the rules, but neither my coachman nor I knew about the rules. (*Apologetically.*) I assure you it won't happen again. Corporal, to what company do you belong?

GUARD. (*Stammering*) Twenty-third Indiana.

LINCOLN. Who is your commander?

GUARD. General Coburn.

LINCOLN. And what is your name?

GUARD. Delevan, sir.

LINCOLN. (*Very kindly*) Come closer, Corporal. (*Corporal of the guard takes one more step forward toward LINCOLN.*) Corporal, I wish all our soldiers were as good and accurate and obedient to orders as you are. I am proud to have known you. Good day, Corporal Delevan. (*LINCOLN turns and goes out at R., followed by Jo.*)

(*The corporal of the guard still stands at present-arms.*)

CURTAIN

ACT III

SCENE 3

Home of JOHN STOWE.

(It is just after nine o'clock at night. MABEL and JOHN enter from door at back. They cross to c.)

JOHN. Everybody turned out for meeting, didn't they?

MABEL. They generally do. It's about all the excitement we have here.

JOHN. Meeting is a wonderful thing. Everybody seems so happy.

MABEL. Well, you know, John, it don't take much to make some people happy.

JOHN. Are you happy, Mabel?

MABEL. I guess I am, but I know you are perfectly happy. You are now head bookkeeper and are getting on in this world.

JOHN. I would be perfectly happy if—if ——

(MABEL comes close to JOHN. She smiles.)

MABEL. If what, John?

JOHN. If I had you all the time.

MABEL. *(Laughs)* Is this a proposal, John Stowe?

JOHN. Well, I—I don't know.

MABEL. *(Turning her head and pretending to pout)* I like that.

JOHN. Would you, Mabel—would you marry me?

MABEL. The idea, John! I never thought of such a thing.

JOHN. Say, we could all be mighty happy here.

MABEL. (*Coldly*) What do you mean by we?

(MRS. STOWE *enters from door at R. They do not see her, as they are facing each other.*)

JOHN. I mean Grandfather Jo, Mother, you and I.

(MRS. STOWE *crosses to C. to JOHN and MABEL.*)

MRS. STOWE. So meeting is over?

JOHN. Yes, Mother, and Mabel and I dropped in here a moment on the way to her home. You know Mabel is interested in literature. She wants to borrow a book from my library.

MRS. STOWE. (*Looking toward bookcase at R.*) I am afraid, John, most of your books are about Abraham Lincoln.

JOHN. That's a fact, and they probably would not interest Mabel.

MABEL. Haven't you any novels?

JOHN. I have some of Booth Tarkington's and Meredith Nicholson's novels and you know they are fine.

MRS. STOWE. I will leave you young people alone. (*She crosses to door R.*) Good-night, Mabel.

MABEL. Good-night, Mrs. Stowe. (*Exit door R.*)
MRS. STOWE. JOHN *gazes after his mother.*) You think a lot of your mother, John, don't you?

JOHN. Sure I do.

MABEL. That's all right as far as you are concerned, but if I married you, would you really expect me to live with your grandfather and mother?

JOHN. Why, Mabel, they would be mighty good to you.

MABEL. Old people get on my nerves.

JOHN. But not Mother.

MABEL. Say, we would all do fine on twenty-five per week, wouldn't we? When I get married I am not going to live with anybody's mother.

JOHN. Mabel, you know I love you, and I would do anything to make you happy.

MABEL. It certainly wouldn't make me happy to live here, I can tell you that right now.

JOHN. But what would you have me do? Grandfather Jo and Mother depend on me. I can't let my mother starve.

MABEL. I haven't anything to do with that.

JOHN. Why, Mabel!

MABEL. You say you love me?

JOHN. I do.

MABEL. Then you should be willing to give up your mother for me.

JOHN. Give up my mother!

MABEL. Yes, your mother.

JOHN. What do you mean, Mabel?

MABEL. I mean it is up to you to make your choice.

JOHN. Choose!

MABEL. Yes, choose between us.

JOHN. Choose between you and Mother?

MABEL. That is exactly what I said. Now let us see how much you love me.

JOHN. But—but I can't choose.

MABEL. You must.

JOHN. It isn't fair.

MABEL. Do you mean to insinuate, John Stowe, that I am trying to take advantage of you?

JOHN. No, no, it isn't that, Mabel. I cannot choose.

MABEL. You can, and you must.

JOHN. I have no choice. It is my duty to stick by my mother.

MABEL. Is not love higher and nobler than duty?

JOHN. Mabel, you know that a mother's love is the greatest thing in the world.

MABEL. Very well, then. I shall marry Billy Harmon. (MABEL *crosses to door at back.*) And you stay with your mother.

JOHN. I WILL stay with her until she dies, and I hope it will be a million years.

(MABEL *tosses her head in anger. Exit MABEL door back.*)

CURTAIN

ACT IV

SCENE I

Home of JOHN STOWE.

It is six months after ACT III. It is February and cold. The people wear winter clothes and overcoats and a fire is burning in the grate.

(As the curtain rises JOHN and GRACE are seated before the fire. MRS. STOWE comes from door R. and smiles as she looks at them. GRANDFATHER JO, with overcoat, mittens and cap and wrapped in a long muffler, enters at door back. He comes in puffing and slapping his hands together. JOHN and GRACE rise hastily from their chairs. MRS. STOWE crosses to C. and JOHN crosses to GRANDFATHER JO.)

JO. (*To JOHN*) Don't stand there. Take hold.

(JOHN takes one end of the muffler and unwinds GRANDFATHER JO, who stamps his feet.)

JOHN. Nearly frozen, aren't you?

JO. Say, this wasn't anything like we had during the war.

JOHN. Which war? You know we had it rather bad in France. Cold and muddy.

JO. Well, it's a good thing you went over, boy. You will remember it all your life. By the way, it's too bad about old Keating dying. I reckon Thaddeus will send to the city and get a new cashier.

JOHN. I expect he will.

Jo. Say, John, I got news for you. You know Olive left town last night and went to the city. And now Alonzo has gone.

JOHN. That looks pretty serious.

MRS. STOWE. Now, Father, you come out in the kitchen and wash up.

Jo. I'm cold. I want to sit by the fire and get warm.

MRS. STOWE. You come out in the kitchen and leave these young folks alone. (MRS. STOWE *crosses to door R.*)

Jo. They ain't afraid of me.

(MRS. STOWE *opens the door at R.*)

MRS. STOWE. Come on, Father.

(Jo *crosses to door R.*)

Jo. All right. See you later, John. Go ahead and spark.

MRS. STOWE. (*Severely*) Father!

Jo. Coming, daughter.

(*Exeunt* MRS. STOWE, *followed by* Jo. Jo *winks at* JOHN *as he goes out.* GRACE and JOHN *laugh.* JOHN *takes the hands of* GRACE.)

GRACE. I never thought you would care for me, John.

JOHN. That was because I did not know what a wonderful fine girl you were, Grace.

GRACE. You must admit, John, that you were pretty crazy about Mabel.

JOHN. I was, but I got over it.

GRACE. And you really didn't mind when she married Billy and went to the city?

JOHN. Not a bit. And by the way, Grace, they have been there six months now, and ——

GRACE. And ——

JOHN. Things look very bad for Billy. He is out of a job, and can't get anything to do. (*Takes letter from his pocket.*) I had a letter from him yesterday.

GRACE. What did you do?

JOHN. Wired him twenty-five. To-morrow I am going to the city to look him up and find out what is the trouble.

GRACE. That's why I love you, John. You are always helping someone.

JOHN. (*Embarrassed*) Well, you see, Grace, he is my cousin, and by the way, I am going to bring a diamond ring from the city for someone I know.

(MRS. STOWE and GRANDFATHER JO come into room from door R. GRACE is embarrassed.)

GRACE. Oh, John!

JO. Go ahead and kiss her, John. Don't mind me.

(JOHN and GRACE draw back.)

MRS. STOWE. Aren't you ashamed of yourself, Father?

(THADDEUS enters room at door back. He has on overcoat and hat.)

JO. No, I ain't. (*To THADDEUS.*) Come right in, Thaddeus, and get warm. Mother was just trying to boss me.

THADDEUS. I expect you need a little discipline now and then.

JO. Hear about Olive leaving?

THADDEUS. Yes.

JO. I got a riddle for you, Thaddeus. Do you know why Alonzo went to the city?

THADDEUS. I give it up. Why, Jo?

JO. 'Cos he likes olives.

ALL. Oh! Oh!

(Jo laughs heartily. The others join in.)

THADDEUS. *(To JOHN)* John, I think I will give you a vacation to-morrow. I want you to go up to the city and see if you can find Alonzo. He generally stops at the St. James Hotel.

JOHN. All right, Mr. Simmons, I shall be very glad to go to the city to-morrow. *(JOHN looks at GRACE. She smiles.)*

THADDEUS. Be sure and find Alonzo and bring him back. Don't tell him anything about his money except that it is safe and that his business is O. K. Do you understand?

JOHN. Yes, sir.

THADDEUS. And by the way, John, when you return you will no longer be head bookkeeper. *(THADDEUS crosses to door at back.)*

JOHN. What!

THADDEUS. You are fired. You are now cashier. *(JOHN starts to speak, but THADDEUS interrupts him.)* Now then—pack up and clear up—and don't waste time in trying to thank me. *(Exit THADDEUS door back.)*

CURTAIN

ACT IV

SCENE 2

Room at St. James Hotel. (Play this scene in one.)

The setting is an Olio drop representing an interior wall of a hotel room. In front of the drop about the c. is a small table with telephone on it and a glass water pitcher and glasses. On each side of the table are chairs with their backs against the drop. Plush curtain may be used, if Olio drop is not available.

Toward the R. side is a dresser—the kind one would find in a city hotel.

The entrance to this room is from the L. side. The satchel of ALONZO is on the floor near the table.

(As the curtain rises ALONZO and OLIVE are standing by the table.)

OLIVE. Now, Alonzo, you telephoned to me and I came over to see you. I warned you not to follow me from Hope.

ALONZO. I can't stay away from you, Olive. You got to marry me.

OLIVE. I told you I wouldn't.

ALONZO. Why not?

OLIVE. There's a million reasons, the chief being yourself.

ALONZO. Don't you love me, Olive?

OLIVE. Did I ever say that I did?

ALONZO. I wish you would.

OLIVE. Say, Alonzo, let's you and I quit. We was brought up different.

ALONZO. Well, I could change for you, Olive.

OLIVE. I don't think you'll ever be much of a jazz baby.

ALONZO. Even if I am a deacon of the church I'll learn to dance.

OLIVE. You sure do love me, Alonzo.

ALONZO. I done everything I could for you, and now that I'm going to get my fortune you turn me down.

OLIVE. You ain't never told me how you're going to get your fortune, Alonzo.

ALONZO. That's one reason I came to the city.

OLIVE. Are you going to find it here?

ALONZO. It's going to be brought to me right here in this room to-day.

OLIVE. Who's going to bring it?

ALONZO. Mr. James Guthrie.

(OLIVE *sinks into a chair and looks at ALONZO in amazement.*)

OLIVE. Are you talking about that phony oil jobber, that fat proposition that was peddling oil stock in Hope a few months ago?

ALONZO. I am speaking of Mr. James Guthrie, the great financier.

OLIVE. All right, have it your own way. Is he coming here to hand you a fortune?

ALONZO. He will be here to-day to give me \$100,000.

OLIVE. Help! Help! Why should he hand you \$100,000?

ALONZO. Because I bought \$2,000 worth of his oil stock.

OLIVE. You what!

ALONZO. I invested all my money in his oil proposition on his promise that in exactly sixty days

he would meet me at the St. James Hotel and hand me \$100,000.

OLIVE. And you believed him?

ALONZO. Most certainly.

OLIVE. It's a good thing that your mother died many years ago.

ALONZO. Why?

OLIVE. Because this kind of a shock would have killed her.

ALONZO. (*Nervously*) Don't you think he will show up?

OLIVE. Don't I—oh, oh, I can't believe it. (*Sarcastically.*) What was your idea in making this wonderful financial deal?

ALONZO. To make a lot of money so you would marry me. I invested everything so I would have a fortune for my little dove.

OLIVE. (*Rages up and down the room*) Oh—you—you big boob, what do you mean by letting a four-flusher like that nick you? Say, I am through with you. I am going to leave you cold.

(ALONZO sinks into chair, takes his handkerchief and starts to cry. OLIVE laughs at him and crosses to door at L.)

ALONZO. I—I can't live without you, Olive.

(OLIVE laughs again. Exit OLIVE door L. ALONZO gazes at door L., then rises from chair and in a vacant manner picks up his satchel, opens it and takes out revolver. He sits down in chair. JOHN enters the room. ALONZO does not see him. ALONZO places pistol to his temple. JOHN steps forward and takes the revolver away from ALONZO. ALONZO looks at him stupidly, then finally recognizes him.)

JOHN. I just passed Olive outside the door.

(OLIVE enters hastily from L. She sees the revolver in JOHN'S hand. She shudders. She crosses quickly to ALONZO. ALONZO sees her and rises.)

OLIVE. You—you old fool, you do care, don't you?

JOHN. (*Looking at revolver*) He does care, Olive. (JOHN puts revolver in his pocket.)

ALONZO. Oh, Olive, I'm so glad you came back.

OLIVE. Yes, and I've come to stay.

ALONZO. You really mean it?

OLIVE. Yes, I mean it. You've always been decent to me, treated me like a lady, as much as you knew how, and then—when you went busted on account of me I threw you down. It was a raw deal, Alonzo.

ALONZO. Do you—do you mean you will marry me, Olive?

OLIVE. That's what I mean.

ALONZO. And me with no money and no business?

OLIVE. We ain't cripples, and I guess we ain't going to no poor farm. (ALONZO tries to kiss her but she stops him.) Don't be a hog, Alonzo, you'll have me all the rest of your life.

ALONZO. Well, let's get married right away.

OLIVE. Well, the quicker the sooner.

JOHN. And would you take Alonzo without a cent, Olive?

OLIVE. I sure would, John Stowe. I stick by what I say.

JOHN. That proves how fine you are, Olive. Now, Alonzo, I did not intend to tell you about your financial affairs until I had persuaded you to go back to Hope, but circumstances have changed

my plans. Something happened several months ago, and you knew nothing about it.

ALONZO. Something about me?

JOHN. Yes, about you and Hadley.

ALONZO. What was it?

JOHN. Guthrie came back to Hope several days after you and Hadley bought stock of him, but you were not aware of his visit.

ALONZO. No, I didn't see him.

JOHN. He came to the bank to withdraw his money, and Thaddeus refused to turn over his deposit to him.

ALONZO. Why, Thaddeus couldn't do that.

JOHN. He did in this one case. He said \$2,000 belonged to you, and \$300 to Hadley and he refused to deliver the money to Guthrie. Guthrie raved and stormed and said he would have it attached. He threatened to get an attorney, to see a judge, then Thaddeus said perhaps he would like to see a detective, and he summoned a detective from his private office and told him to take one look at Guthrie and let him know if he recognized him, and what do you think, Alonzo?

ALONZO. I think Thaddeus was wasting his time and money.

JOHN. The detective said Guthrie had been in penitentiary twice.

ALONZO. What, a nice looking gentleman like Mr. Guthrie an ex-convict?

OLIVE. Beauty don't keep them from behind the bars, Alonzo.

ALONZO. Gee, I bet Thaddeus was surprised. What did he do, John?

JOHN. He asked Guthrie if he wanted his record and the record of this oil company made public, or would he prefer to have the money turned back to the investors? Guthrie said the money could be returned to the parties as far as he was concerned,

but demanded the remaining two hundred dollars be returned to him.

ALONZO. That was fair.

JOHN. Thaddeus wouldn't even give him that. He paid that money to the detective for his expenses, and Guthrie started to say something, but he changed his mind, and that was the last we ever saw of him.

ALONZO. Well, if Thad ever runs for President I will sure vote for him.

JOHN. Whatever you do, Alonzo, don't thank him.

ALONZO. All right, John.

JOHN. And now with your money and your business safe you can go back to Hope with a wife.

ALONZO. Let's get married right here in this hotel. Here is John and we can get other witnesses. *(The telephone bell rings. ALONZO answers it.)* It's for you, John. Say, how did anyone know you were in my room?

JOHN. I expected Mabel and Billy and left word downstairs. *(Talking in 'phone.)* Sure thing. Tell them to come right up. *(JOHN hangs up receiver.)*

ALONZO. How is Billy getting on? Made his million yet?

JOHN. No, he is out of a job. If they come back to Hope, will you give Billy his old place back, Alonzo?

ALONZO. Of course I will, but we are going to close the millinery department.

OLIVE. We are going to do nothing of the sort. I want to have something else to do besides mending your old socks.

(MABEL and BILLY enter from L. MABEL looks careworn and a bit frayed. BILLY is dejected. He has lost his air of assurance.)

JOHN. (*Taking a hand of MABEL and BILLY*) Glad to see you, Billy and Mabel. Almost like Hope with all these people, isn't it?

BILLY. Yes, yes, it's fine. Hello, Alonzo.

OLIVE. How are you, Mrs. Harmon?

MABEL. I guess I am all right.

JOHN. Alonzo and I were talking about business. He—he needs you, Billy. We were wondering if you would care to come back to Hope.

BILLY. (*Smiling*) Do you mean it? You bet I would like to come back to the finest town in the United States. Say, life in the small town beats the city a mile.

MABEL. Don't get him started.

JOHN. And—and how would you like it, Mabel?

MABEL. I would be willing to go anywhere to get away from this. I—I think Hope would be like Heaven. (*MABEL breaks down and starts to cry. OLIVE pats her on the shoulder.*)

BILLY. Stop your eternal sniveling, Mabel.

MABEL. All right. All right. (*To OLIVE.*) And are you still in Alonzo's store?

OLIVE. I am going to stay in Hope until I die. Alonzo and me are going to be married to-day.

BILLY. (*Impulsively*) Don't!

OLIVE. (*To MABEL*) What do you think about it, Mrs. Harmon?

MABEL. Think it over carefully.

OLIVE. I have, but Alonzo worried me nearly crazy.

JOHN. Grace and I are going to be married when I get back.

OLIVE. It's getting to be contagious.

ALONZO. We will have some fine shower parties this winter.

JOHN. You bet. Taffy pulls, dances, card parties, sleigh rides, and——

ALONZO. Hard cider.

JOHN. Now let's go and get a minister for Olive and Alonzo.

OLIVE. I just—just can't.

ALONZO. Why, what's the matter, Olive?

OLIVE. I'll feel so foolish married. I know it.

ALONZO. You will never regret this, Olive, as long as you live.

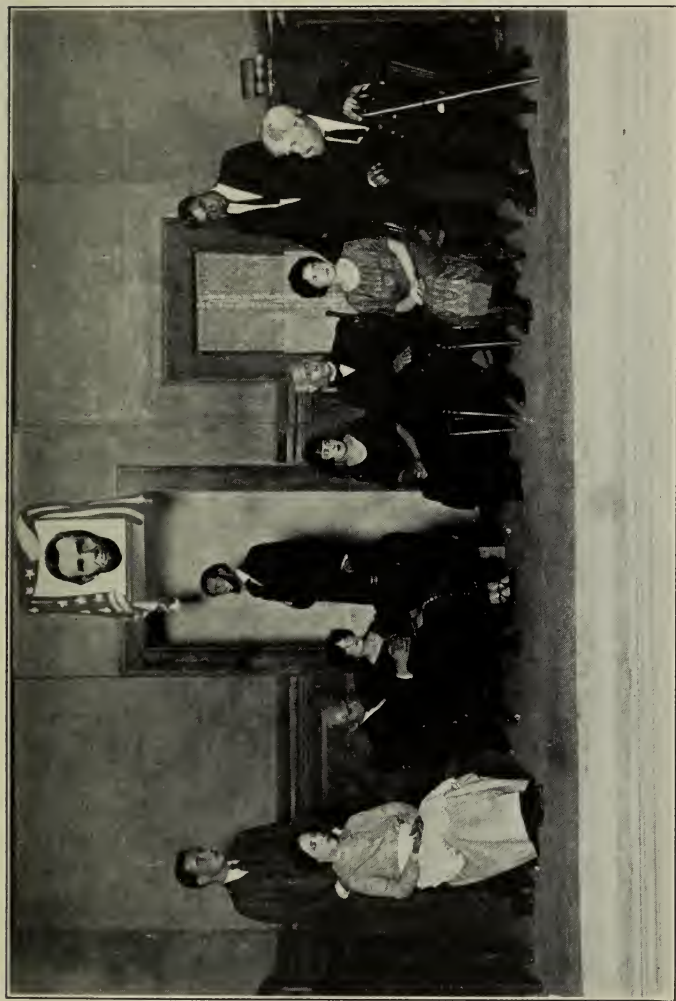
(OLIVE falls into his arms and cries.)

OLIVE. But—but you may regret it, Alonzo.

ALONZO. Never! *(ALONZO dries her tears.)*

(JOHN picks up satchel of ALONZO. ALONZO takes his hat and coat. OLIVE takes his arm. Strains of "Lohengrin" wedding march. OLIVE and ALONZO march out L., followed by BILLY and MABEL, arm in arm. JOHN comes last.)

CURTAIN



John Stowe
and
Mrs. Stowe

Alonzo Griffiths
Olive De Lane
Abraham Lincoln
Grace Benson

Thaddeus Mabel
Billy Grandfather
Jo Hannon

THE MANTLE OF LINCOLN
Act IV—Scene 3

Photo by Craven—Indianapolis

ACT IV

SCENE 3

Home of JOHN STOWE.

(As the curtain rises GRACE, MABEL, and OLIVE are standing by the fireplace at L. There is a bright fire burning. It is February 12. MRS. STOWE is standing by door R. Three chairs besides GRANDFATHER JO'S comfortable chair are grouped about fireplace.)

MRS. STOWE. Now that everybody has taken off their things, let's be comfortable. *(Calling through door at R.)* Bring in six chairs and keep away from that cider.

(Enter THADDEUS, ALONZO, JOHN and BILLY, each carrying a chair.)

BILLY. Gee, but it's good to be back home.

JOHN. And we are glad to have you back.

MRS. STOWE. Put the chairs at the fireplace around Grandfather Jo's chair. You see, this party is given for Grandfather Jo.

(THADDEUS, ALONZO, JOHN and BILLY cross to fireplace with chairs and put them down.)

THADDEUS. Yes, the same kind you give for him each year, Mrs. Stowe.

OLIVE. *(To ALONZO)* I hope you didn't drink much cider, Alonzo.

ALONZO. No, only five or six glasses.

OLIVE. Well, you got a good start.

MRS. STOWE. (*To JOHN and BILLY*) John, will you and Billy get two more chairs?

JOHN. Sure we will, Mother. (*JOHN and BILLY cross to door R.*)

ALONZO. (*To THADDEUS*) Did you say, Thaddeus, that you invested my money and Hadley's money again?

(*Exit JOHN and BILLY door R.*)

THADDEUS. Yes, and also the two hundred John had left.

ALONZO. Did you say it was in oil wells?

THADDEUS. I guess I invested in excitement. Everyone seems crazy around here and a whole lot of people have been coming here from all over the country. They think there is oil here. Some oil expert said there is oil in John's land and that started this stampede. I bought up all the land around the railroad and traded and bought and traded and I sure got action. I guess, Alonzo, you are now worth about \$40,000. Hadley cashes in on \$6,000 and John's two hundred is increased to four thousand, and in the spring when some idiots drill a well on John's land all he has to do is to wait. If they don't get oil John can't lose anything and if they strike oil John will be a wealthy man.

ALONZO. You sure are some financier, Thaddeus, and say, Olive, we will get a new house right away.

OLIVE. And I shall select the furniture.

(*JOHN and BILLY enter from door R., each with a chair. They cross to R. to put the chairs in the semicircle. Enter JO from door L. with G. A. R. uniform and cap.*)

THADDEUS. Everybody salute. (*They all give*

military salute to Jo. Jo acknowledges the military salute, then he crosses to picture of Abraham Lincoln, which is draped with American flag and salutes the picture. Jo crosses to fireplace and sits down in his comfortable chair which is in the middle of the semicircle and a little out of the semicircle, so as to give the audience a full view of him. They all sit down. THADDEUS, to Jo.) Jo, what day is this?

Jo. (*Rises and salutes the picture of Lincoln*) February 12. The birthday of Abraham Lincoln. (*Jo sits down.*)

THADDEUS. Now, Jo, we want you to tell us about the last time you ever saw Abraham Lincoln.

Jo. All right, but turn out some of the lights. Too much glare. Don't like it.

(*JOHN crosses to switch and turns out all lights except the light on the table. Lights up one-half. JOHN crosses to chair and sits down.*)

JOHN. All right, Grandfather Jo, we are all ready now.

Jo. About a month before Lincoln was assassinated I had a row with Mrs. Lincoln and decided to quit. I had quit twice for the same reason, but had come back both times. I went upstairs. Lincoln was alone in his room looking over some papers. He looked more worried than usual. I told him I was going to leave. He looked at me and said, "Look at me, Jo. You can't quit me. Just think of me and you won't quit." I told him nothing would stop me this time. He shook hands and said if he could ever do anything for me he was at my service. He wished me success and said "good-bye." I looked back as I closed the door slowly. He was watching me and smiling. That was the last time I ever saw Abraham Lincoln alive. He had a kind smile on his face and I sure

hated to leave him. I went softly down the stairs. It WAS good-bye.

THADDEUS. What did you do after that, Jo?

Jo. When I left the service of the President I worked for a few weeks in a barber shop in Washington and shaved some of the biggest men of that period. I shaved John Wilkes Booth often. He would take me out afterwards and buy me a drink. Wilkes was a very popular actor at that time. After a few weeks I went to Baltimore and worked as a barber in the Barnum House at the corner of Fayette and Calvert Streets. On the afternoon of the day Lincoln was assassinated I was going out just after noon. I was generally the last one of the boys to go. I met John Wilkes Booth on the street. "Hello, Jo," he called, "what are you doing here?" I told him I was working at the Barnum House. "So you're not with the President any more?" "No," I answered, "I left him about a month ago." "Come along and I'll buy you a drink," he invited.

THADDEUS. And did you accept, Jo?

Jo. You bet I did. I asked Booth what he was doing here and he said that he and Lawlor were playing at the Holliday Theatre but that he was going to Washington to-night. I asked him how Lawlor could get on without him, and he said he would have to get on without him that night for he was going to Washington without fail and within twelve hours Booth was being hunted as Lincoln's murderer. Next morning at 5:30 I started out to work. Crowds had gathered on the corners. Everyone was excited. I saw men crying. They told me Lincoln was assassinated. I was stunned. I was standing in a crowd at the corner of Calvert and Baltimore Streets. A man said, "Well, it's a damn good thing Lincoln was shot." Another man stepped right up to the speaker, tapped him on the

shoulder, and as he turned shot him through the head. Two policemen came up after a few minutes. "You the man who did this killing?" they asked. "Yes, sir," answered the man, "and I have five more shots in this revolver for any other men who say they're glad Lincoln was shot." The policemen turned and walked away. The man walked down Calvert Street about a square and a half, past a famous spring and went out of sight.

THADDEUS. That must have been a terrible day for you, Jo.

Jo. It was. (*Pause.*) All day long the bells tolled in Baltimore. (*Pause. Business of bells tolling.*) The town was paralyzed with grief. Prayer services were held in the churches. Everybody talked about it all day in the barber shop. Everybody was sorry, and Baltimore was a great rebel town then. Jim Gilmore's hotel was on Calvert Street. Barry Gilmore, Jim's brother, was a great scout in the Confederate army. The south mourned just as much as the north. None were divided about Lincoln. It hit me mighty hard, for I had lost the best friend I ever had. (*Jo puts his hand to his eyes a moment. THADDEUS pats him on the knee and Jo looks up.*) Well, John Price, the undertaker who had charge of Lincoln's funeral, telegraphed me at once to come on to Washington and drive the hearse. I went over and reported for duty. (*Pause.*) His body lay in state at the White House. The funeral procession extended clear to the station, over a mile away. The minute guns were booming dismally from the encampment around Washington, (*Pause. Jo puts his hand to his ear as though listening.*) the church bells were tolling out their mournful sounds, (*Pause. Church bells tolling.*) and it seemed as though things would never be the same again. He was DEAD. (*Pause. Music of opening of Chopin's Funeral March.*)

When I got on that hearse everything seemed over for me. I could see him as I last saw him with his gentle smile and his "Good-morning, Jo." It would never happen again, and I would never hear his voice any more. (*Pause. Jo's voice breaks.*) That was the biggest thing I ever did in my whole life—driving Abraham Lincoln's hearse, and I'd crawl to Washington on my hands and knees to-morrow if he were there waiting for me. There wasn't anybody like him in the whole world. He was just Abraham Lincoln—everybody's friend. (*LINCOLN stands in the dim lit doorway and does not move. The effect is that of an apparition. Baby spot on LINCOLN. Jo rises and looks straight at the apparition.*) Now he is gone—gone years ago, but every time February 12th comes around, do you know how it feels to me? Just as though it was my own birthday. God, if I only had that old whip in my hand again, and was driving him down Pennsylvania Avenue, I bet I would never leave him again. Dear old Abraham Lincoln—God bless him.

(*Exit door back ABRAHAM LINCOLN. Music of "Lead Kindly Light," opening bars. Jo sinks into his chair and is broken up. The people all have handkerchiefs to their eyes. Pause. MRS. STOWE goes to switch and turns on the lights. They all crowd around Jo.*)

THADDEUS. Gee, Jo, I felt almost as though I could see Lincoln. You are a great man, Jo.

JOHN. You bet you are, Granddad.

MRS. STOWE. Now everybody come in to supper.

(*They all cross to door at L. talking. GRACE and JOHN remain behind. Exeunt all except GRACE and JOHN. JOHN crosses to GRACE and takes her hand.*)

JOHN. Here is the ring, Grace. (JOHN *puts ring on the finger of* GRACE.)

(THADDEUS *and* MRS. STOWE *enter room from door*
R. GRACE *puts her arms around* JOHN *and he*
kisses her.)

THADDEUS. (*Holding up his hands*) What's all this?

JOHN. (*Turns toward* THADDEUS) Just a little sentiment.

THADDEUS. Sentiment hell! That means marriage.

(JOHN *takes* GRACE'S *hand and they cross to door*
L. *to* THADDEUS *and* MRS. STOWE.)

CURTAIN

NOTES

Grandfather Jo, in this play, is based on a real character, who is now dead, but who lived many years in Madison, Indiana. He was valet and coachman to Abraham Lincoln. The characters that surround him, and the plot, is play material, but the Lincoln scenes in the play actually transpired between the President and Jo just as they are portrayed. The Lincoln episodes are taken from an article, "THE LINCOLN I KNEW, by JOSEPH CHRISTIAN," which was written by Test Dalton and E. Albert Apple and published in *McClure's Magazine* in December, 1923.

To produce this play in one setting use STAGE PLAN No. 2, without any of the furniture used in that set. You set ACT I—The General Store—by not using shelves, and place in their proper positions the counters and rocking chair, and form for dress, and cover the mantelpiece so it will not show, and tack grocery signs on walls.

To transform this set for ACT II—SCENE I—Home of John Stowe—strip the stage of general store furniture, remove cover from mantelpiece, take down signs and set stage as STAGE PLAN No. 2 specifies.

To change this set to ACT III—SCENE I—Private office of the president of the Commercial Bank—again cover mantelpiece, take out all furniture of ACT II—SCENE I and arrange as specified in STAGE PLAN No. 3.

Grandfather Jo can double in this play as old man of 82 and youth of 20, or you can have someone else about his same height play the youth, but the illusion is stronger to have one actor play both rôles. It is only necessary for him to discard wig

and beard and coat, and make changes as part calls for.

The best time to produce this play is during the week of February 12. You gain the benefit of Lincoln stories published in papers at that time, and the fact that this is the one week in the year when the general public is interested in Abraham Lincoln.

PROPERTIES

ACT I: *General Store.*

Four counters, shelves, small chair, rocking chair, 12 assorted grocery signs to hang on walls, 1 sign "HABERDASHERY," 1 sign "MODISTE," container with flour, container with sugar, box with soda crackers, prunes, coffee, package of tobacco, pound of butter in cardboard package, large knife to cut butter, cash register, scales, beans, 3 cans of canned goods, partial bolt of black silk dress goods, brown suit, straw hat, tape measure, grocery apron for ALONZO, grocery apron for BILLY, brown paper to wrap up dress goods and suit, man's hat box, two large covers to throw over counters, shoes, socks, ties for gentlemen's outfitting department. Articles to put in shelves at back of ALONZO's counter. Ladies' dress form with dress on it, hand mirror, 2 waists, black bonnet, 3 up-to-date hats for women, lingerie, dress goods, ribbons, artificial flowers, fancy woman's hat box.

ACT II—SCENE I: *Home of JOHN STOWE. (In July.)*

Large picture in frame of Abraham Lincoln on wall, bookcase with books about Lincoln, Nicholson and Tarkington novels, small table with telephone, large table covered with crazy quilt, lamp for center table, large comfortable chair, 4 small chairs, papers and magazines for center table.

ACT II—SCENE 2: *Same as SCENE 1. Add money for THADDEUS to give JOHN.*

ACT II—SCENE 3: *Study of ABRAHAM LINCOLN in White House. (Played in one.)*

Large chair, large desk, papers, documents, quill pen and ink on table, 2 small chairs.

ACT II—SCENE 4:

Same as ACT I. Add \$2,500 in cash register. Brief case and 4 embossed stock certificates for GUTHRIE. \$300 for HADLEY.

ACT III—SCENE 1: *Private office in Commercial Bank.*

3 galvanized grey tin filing cases. 3 wood letter filing cabinets. Hat-rack. Large mahogany desk. On desk writing paper, envelopes, 4 note blanks, pen and ink. 1 large mahogany chair, 2 small chairs. Certificates of stock for HADLEY. \$200 for JOHN.

ACT IV—SCENE 2: *Room at St. James Hotel. (Played in one.)*

Small table. Pitcher of water and glass on table, telephone on table, 2 chairs, small dresser, satchel for ALONZO, revolver in ALONZO's satchel.

ACT IV—SCENE 3: *Home of JOHN STOWE. (In February.)*

Same setting as ACT II—SCENE 1. Add fire in grate, 6 chairs off stage ready for THADDEUS, ALONZO, JOHN and BILLY to carry into room. Picture of Abraham Lincoln in this scene is draped with American flag.

BUSINESS CUES

ACT II—SCENE 1:

—What's that! What's that! (From Jo.)
(The telephone bell rings.)

—you answer it, daughter. (From Jo.) (The telephone bell again rings.)

—answer that pesky thing. (From Jo.) (The telephone keeps ringing until Jo crosses room and puts receiver to his ear.)

ACT IV—SCENE 2:

—can get other witnesses. (From ALONZO.) (The telephone bell rings.)

ACT IV—SCENE 3:

—bells tolled in Baltimore. (From Jo.) (Business of bells tolling off stage a few times.)

—tolling out their mournful sound. (From Jo.) (Again business off stage of bells tolling a few times.)

—He was DEAD. (From Jo.) (Music of opening bars of Chopin's Funeral March off stage.)

—Dear old Abraham Lincoln—God bless him. (From Jo.) (Opening bars of "Lead Kindly Light.")

LIGHT CUES

ACT IV—SCENE 3:

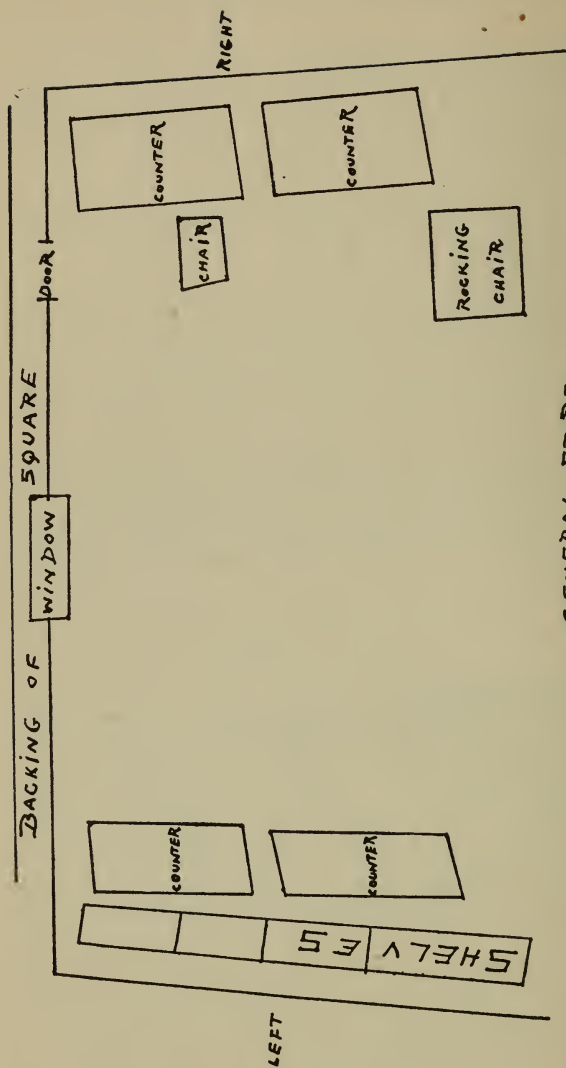
—too much glare. Don't like it. (From Jo.) (JOHN crosses to switch and turns out all lights except the light on table. Lights up one-half.)

—Just Abraham Lincoln—everybody's friend. (From Jo.) (LINCOLN stands in dim lit doorway—like an apparition. Baby spot on LINCOLN.)

—Dear old Abraham Lincoln—God bless him. (From Jo.) (Exit at door back LINCOLN. Baby spot off.)

After music of "Lead Kindly Light," that immediately follows exit of Lincoln apparition, Mrs. Stowe crosses to switch and turns on lights.)

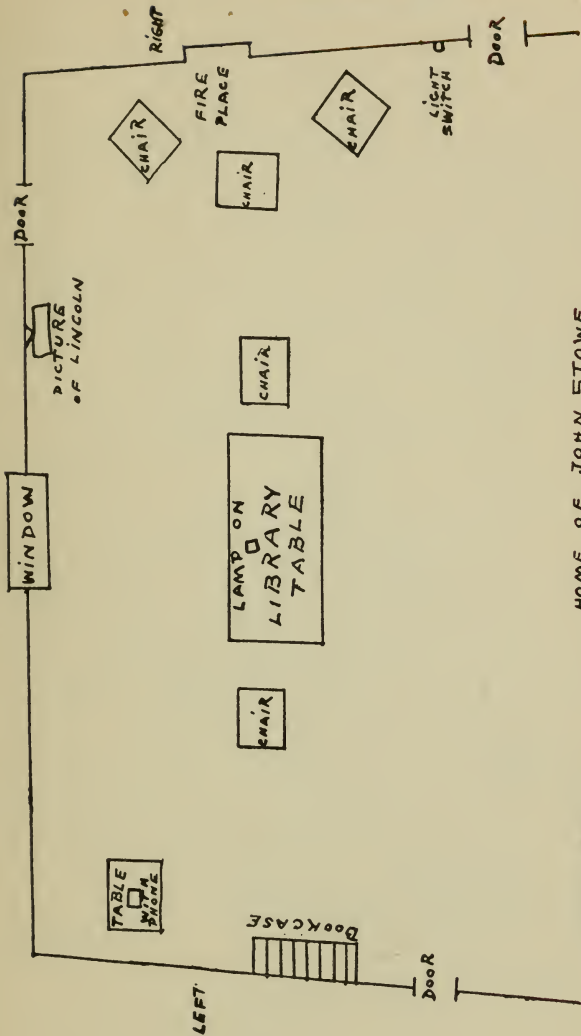
(ALL LIGHTS UP.)



GENERAL STORE

ACT - I.

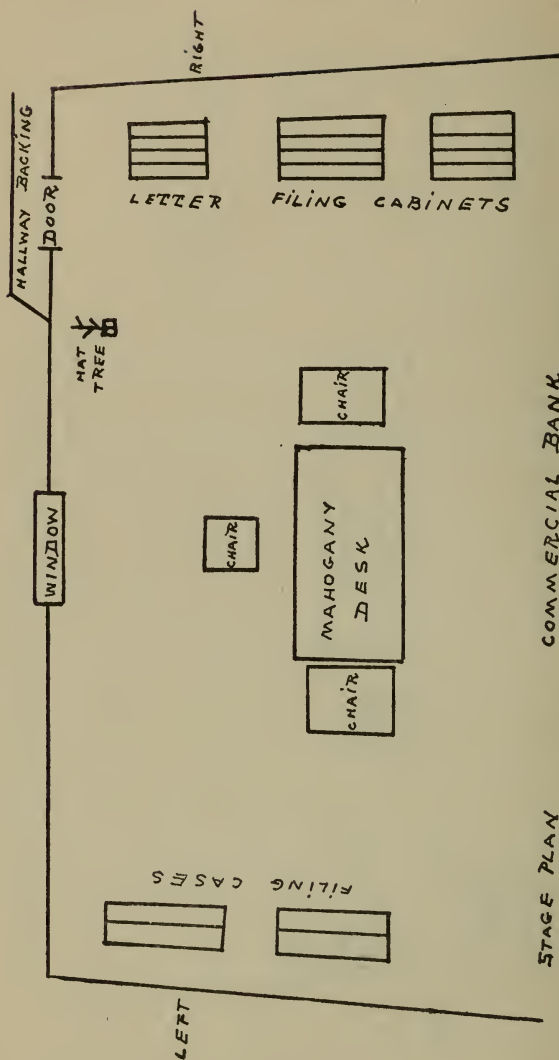
STAGE PLAN - No. 1



HOME OF JOHN STOWE
ACT-II.

STAGE PLAN
No. 2.

M. 2842



STAGE PLAN
No. 3.

COMMERCIAL BANK
PRIVATE OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT
ACT - III

The Charm School

A suggestive comedy in three acts, by Alice Duer Miller and Robert Miller. 9 males, 10 females. (May be played by 5 males and 8 females). Any number of school girls may be used in the ensembles. Scenes, two interiors. Costumes, modern. Plays 2½ hours.

The story of "The Charm School" is familiar to Mrs. Miller's readers. It follows the adventures of a handsome young automobile salesman recently out of his teens who, upon inheriting a girl's boarding school from a married aunt, insists on running it himself, according to his own ideas, most of which is, by the way, that the dominant feature in the education of the young girl of today should be CHARM.

The situations that arise are teeming with humor—clean, wholesome humor. In the end the young man gives up the school and promises to wait until the most precocious of his pupils reaches a marriageable age.

"The Charm School" has the freshness of youth, the inspiration of an extraordinary but novel idea, the charm of originality, and the promise of wholesome, soundly amusing, pleasant entertainment. We strongly recommend it for high school production.

"The Charm School" was first produced at the Bijou Theatre, New York, and then toured the country. Two companies are now playing it in England. Price, 75 cents

Daddy Long-Legs

A charming comedy in four acts, by Jean Webster. The full cast calls for 6 males, 7 females and 6 orphans, but the play, by the easy doubling of some of the characters may be played by 4 males, 4 females and 3 orphans. The orphans appear only in the first act and may be played by small girls of any age. Four easy interior scenes. Costumes, modern. Plays 1½ hours.

The New York Times reviewer, on the morning following the Broadway production, wrote the following comment:

"If you will take your pencil and write down, one below the other, the words delightful, charming, sweet, beautiful and entertaining, and then draw a line and add them up, the answer will be 'Daddy Long-Legs.' To that *trinity* you might even add brilliant, pathetic and humorous, but the answer even then would be just what it was before—the play which Miss Jean Webster has made from her book, 'Daddy Long-Legs,' and which was presented at the Gaiety last night. To attempt to describe the goodliness and beauty of 'Daddy Long-Legs' would be like attempting to describe the first breath of Spring after an exceedingly tiresome and hard Winter."

"Daddy Long-Legs" enjoyed a two-years' run in New York and was then toured for over three years, and is now published in play form for the first time. Price, 75 cents

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